Vol. XIII. No. 51 *September 1924*

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

I. Divorce in the Irish Free State ... ... *Peter Finlay*

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IV. Bernard Shaw on Saint Joan ... *Herbert Thurston*

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SIR HORACE PLUNKETT writing in the final issue of the former "Irish Statesman" which appeared during 1919-1920, expressed himself as follows (18 months before the Treaty) :—

> *"It is our hope, however, that when the coming Irish State enters upon its national and international career, a new series of the 'Irish Statesman' will be forthcoming to fulfil its mission by offering the same counsel and advice in the building up of the new Ireland that it has submitted to those who are striving to lay its foundations."*

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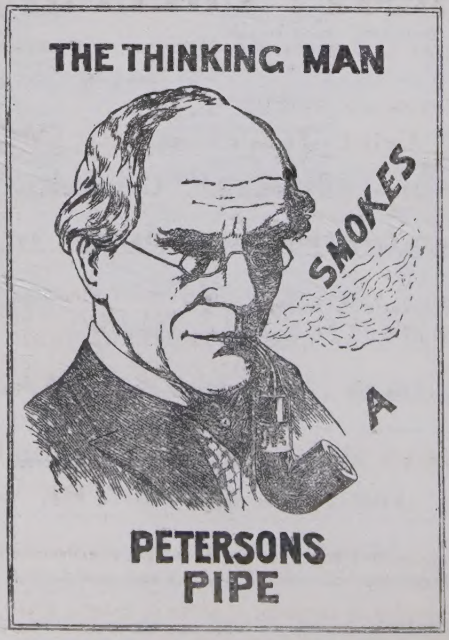

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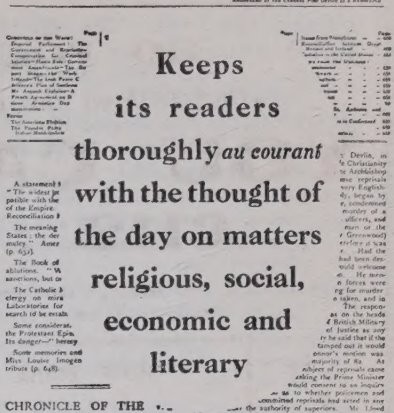

VOL. 137. No. 4,201 LONDON, NOVEMBER 13, 1920

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CHRONICLE OF THE ..

A further debate on reprisals in Ireland occupied the House of Commons on Thursday of last week, when Mr T. P. O'Connor moved the adjournment in order to call attention to what he described as "a policy of frightfulness." He complained that the Chief Secretary's answers on this subject had been evasive—he would not call them mendacious—and said that "when we speak of the destruction of the cottage-inn, the Chief Secretary, with his invincible ignorance, does not know anything about it. It is left to a British journalist to tell us" Mr George, who replied to this and a running fire of supplementary questions from Mr. Clynes, Mr Devlin, Sir D. Maclean and other members, declined to appoint a committee of inquiry but promised to inquire into the facts of any particular cases brought before him. While these operations were going on, he said, they could not hamper the authorities there in putting down conspiracy

The second reading of the Criminal Injuries (Ireland) Bill was moved on Friday by Mr. D. Henry, Attorney-General for Ireland. After a review of legislation on this subject, going back to 1836, he said that the present measure was to amend the procedure for

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF
THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on Monday, the 28th day of July, 1924.

The Directors submit herewith the Statement of Accounts for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1924.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, and bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to			£54,125	16 0
To which has to be added:—				
Balance of undivided profits from last Account			23,954	17 1
			£78,080	13 1
The Directors have transferred to the Reserve Fund the sum of			£20,000	0 0
And they recommend that the balance be applied as follows, viz.:—				
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of Nine per cent. per annum free of Income Tax	£22,500	0 0		
To Income Tax Suspense Account	7,500	0 0	30,000	0 0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account			5,000	0 0
To next Account			23,080	13 1
			£78,080	13 1

The Reserve Fund now stands at £545,000.

By Order of the Board,
ALFRED T. COLLINS
General Manager.

DUBLIN, 11th July, 1924.

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, 30th JUNE, 1924. Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
To Capital, viz.:—100,000 Shares of £20 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £5 per Share	500,000	0	0	By Cash in hand and with Bankers ...	839,294	11	8
,, Reserve Fund	545,000	0	0	,, Investments, viz.:—			
,, Deposit, Current, and other Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits	13,730,666	5	10	War Loan and other British Government Stocks	6,774,384	12	4
,, Sundry Agents	13,921	16	8	Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks and other Securities	126,597	12	10
,, Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity	10,303	13	6		7,740,276	16	10
,, Profit and Loss Account ... £78,080 13 1				,, Bills Discounted, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc.	6,912,860	17	3
Less: Transferred to Reserve Fund ... 20,000 0 0				,, Sundry Agents	22,034	2	5
	58,080	13	1	,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 58 Branches), written down to	182,800	12	7
	£14,857,972	9	1		£14,857,972	9	1

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ending 30th June, 1924.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Expenses of Management, including Directors' Fees, Salaries, Pensions and Allowances, Bonuses and Grants to Staff, Rents, Rates, Repairs, Revenue Taxes, and all other outlay ...	124,872	7	11	By Balance from last Account ...	23,954	17	1
,, Amount transferred to Reserve Fund	20,000	0	0	,, Gross Profits for Half-year, after providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	178,998	3	11
,, Dividend to be paid in August 1924, free of Income Tax ... ... £ 22,500 0 0							
,, Income Tax Suspense Account 7,500 0 0							
,, Bank Premises Acct. 5,000 0 0							
,, Balance to next Acct. 23,080 13 1							
	58,080	13	1				
	£202,953	1	0		£202,953	1	0

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required in the course of my examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

I have verified the Investments. Their market value as on 30th June, 1924, is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Balance Sheet. I have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in my opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

JEREMIAH BUCKLEY (KEAN & Co.),
Chartered Accountant, Auditor.

DUBLIN, 11*th July*, 1924.

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DIVORCE IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

BY PETER FINLAY, S.J.

DIVORCE, or the annulment of the marriage contract, is at present the subject of considerable discussion in the Irish Free State. When the Constitution was being drafted it was urged by some members of the drafting committee that a clause should be inserted declaring marriage to be indissoluble; but the majority of the Committee—Catholics among them—made objection to the clause, and it was omitted from the Report presented to the Government. The Government, pressed with many cares and much grave anxiety at the time, was unwilling to raise a controversy which called for no immediate solution, and they made no reference to it in the Constitution submitted for approval to the Parliament of the Free State. But a decision cannot be put off indefinitely. Private Bills of divorce have been already lodged in the Parliamentary offices; a Joint Committee of the Seanad and the Dail was set up to advise what facilities should be granted for divorce, and failed to agree on any recommendation; controversy on the subject has begun in the public press; and a section of non-Catholic opinion is pressing for divorce legislation.

It is of importance, therefore, that we Catholics should be fully conversant with the Church's teaching upon divorce, so that we may hold Catholic views and may take such action as Catholic faith demands of us, if occasion should arise. It is, of course, greatly desirable that others also, non-Catholics, should accept the Church's teaching, and be guided by it both in private and in public life; but these pages are not in any sense controversial. They are intended to be a simple explanation of Catholic belief, primarily for Catholics themselves, and indirectly for non-Catholics, that they too may understand the attitude we maintain, and are obliged by our religion to maintain, on the question of divorce.

But, first, we must define exactly what is the divorce with which alone we are concerned here. Briefly, it is such dissolution of a marriage contract, validly entered into and consummated by baptised persons, as will leave them free to marry validly again during the lifetime of both divorced persons. We have not to deal with divorce "*a mensa et thoro*," "separation of bed and board," which may be granted by competent authority, may even on occasion be taken by injured husband or wife, and may be arranged by mutual consent. Nor have we to consider the case of unbaptised persons—Gentiles or Jews. Their marriages would seem, indeed, to be indissoluble by natural law and by positive divine institution; and our Lord's words: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" (Matt. xix, 6), are plainly applicable to them; but we are not at present concerned with them. And we shall not discuss the annulment of marriages validly contracted but not yet consummated, whether the annulment is brought about by solemn religious profession or by papal dispensation; nor the Pauline Privilege (1 Cor. vii. 12-15); still less "declarations of nullity," or the decision by a competent tribunal that the marriage contract has been invalid from the beginning. Such cases can occur only rarely in Ireland; they are nearly all covered by Our Lord's words just quoted, and have no necessary connection with the question we deal with here.

Our Lord, as we have seen, proclaimed the absolute indissolubility of marriage under both the natural and the divine law. "He who made man from the beginning," He tells the Jews (Matt. xix, 4), "made them male and female. . . . For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh: therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. . . . And I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and

shall marry another, committeth adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery;" (and see v. 32). St. Mark (x. 11) words the teaching somewhat differently: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her; and if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery." And St. Luke (xvi. 18): "Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." And St. Paul (1 Cor. vii. 10): "To them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband: and if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife." It will be noted that while Saints Mark, Luke and Paul represent Our Lord as condemning all remarriage of husband or wife when separated from one another, the text of St. Matthew, if taken by itself, may appear to allow of an exception. But the best commentators of the Gospels—the Fathers of the Early Church and later writers—are agreed that Our Lord, as reported by St. Matthew, recognises adultery as the chief and a sufficient cause of "separation from bed and board," but prohibits all absolute divorce. Even in St. Matthew His mind is beyond all reasonable doubt or question: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder"; and this interpretation the Council of Florence gives authoritatively to the text: "Although it is lawful to cease co-habitation because of adultery, it is not lawful to contract another marriage, since the bond of marriage legitimately entered into is indissoluble" (Denzig. n. 702), a definition which Benedict XIV. repeats almost textually in the Profession of Faith which he prescribed for the Orientals (Denzig. 1470).

For the Orientals did allow divorce and remarriage in case of adultery; and they have gone on logically to

allow it in other cases, such as high treason, incurable lunacy, criminal attacks on life, intentional abortion, and others, which they consider equivalent in their effects to death or adultery. Their practice has been condemned, and the Catholic doctrine has been dogmatically defined, by the Council of Trent, which declares (Sess. xxiv., Denzig. 975, 977): "If any one shall say that the bond of marriage can be dissolved for cause of heresy or vexatious cohabitation or wilful desertion: let him be anathema"; and again: "If any one shall say that the Church has erred when she taught and teaches, according to the Gospel and Apostolic doctrine, that the bond of marriage cannot be dissolved because of husband's or wife's adultery, and that neither party, not even the innocent who has given no cause for adultery, can contract another marriage while the other lives, and that they commit adultery who having put away an adulterous wife or husband contract another marriage: let him be anathema." And Leo XIII., in consequence, declares the practice and teaching of the Orthodox Greek Church, which the Council of Trent condemns, to be a "most baneful heresy"—*hæresim deterrimam* (Encycl. "Arcanum"; Acta S. Sedis, xii., p. 398).

It is, therefore, an article of Catholic faith, revealed to us in Holy Scripture, handed down to us by the continuous tradition of the Church, and defined by œcumenical Councils, that the bond of Christian consummated marriage is indissoluble during the lifetime of both parties to the contract, that no earthly authority has power to dissolve such a marriage, and that, where the Civil State purports to do so and to permit remarriage, it is violating a divine law and legalising adultery. Pius IX. goes much further, when he teaches in the Syllabus (Denzig., n. 1767) that even "under the law of nature the bond of marriage is indissoluble, and that civil authority has no power to legalise divorce properly so called."

And, if it be objected that there are many, even

among Christian believers, who repudiate this Catholic doctrine, either because they reject the authority of the Church or interpret otherwise than we do the testimony of the Gospels and of St. Paul, we must only admit the fact, and observe that we are not now concerned to demonstrate the truth of our doctrine, but only to make clear what that doctrine is and what the obligations are which it lays upon us. We Catholics hold not a few doctrines, and we rule our conduct by them, which non-Catholics deny. Since the Reformation we have differed from those around us in many things which our religion forbids or commands. We have not commonly entered into controversy about them. We have been content, for all justification to ourselves and others, to plead our duty of belief in the teaching of the Church and of obedience to the requirements which follow from her teaching. And that, as we have already noted, is our sole purpose in these pages: to explain the teaching of the Church on the question of divorce, and the consequent duty which we feel called on to fulfil.

We believe then that the remarriage of either party to a divorce between baptised Christians, during the lifetime of the other, is adultery, however they themselves may judge of the remarriage, and whatever may be the opinion of the society in which they live or of the religious body to which they belong. Their conscience may be perhaps at peace: their action is gravely sinful, explicitly prohibited by God. It may be legal in civil law; the new marriage may be held by the non-Catholic world to be legitimate and honourable: we know it to be wholly illusory in the sight of God; and we may not doubt that their state is one of shame and sin.

Catholics, therefore, as is clear, may never make use of civil laws to secure for themselves a dissolution of the marriage bond and to marry again during the lifetime of both the parties to the marriage. Nor may they intentionally assist others to obtain such a dissolution and to

enter into such a remarriage. A Catholic may not himself be guilty of what Christ and His Church declare to be adultery: he may not intentionally assist another, be he Catholic or non-Catholic, to commit a similar offence. It is not lawful for me to rob or murder: it is not, therefore, lawful for me intentionally to provide another with the means which he seeks and requires for robbery or murder. And the case is in nowise altered, even should that other hold himself justified in the action which I know the law of God condemns, or should a section of public opinion, to which he looks for condonation or approval, bestow condonation or approval upon him. If I know that God himself forbids and condemns, I cannot knowingly help another to defy Him.

In May, 1886, French Bishops interrogated the Holy See: May civil officials apply the civil law, declare a valid marriage civilly annulled, or remarry a divorced person civilly during the lifetime of the other party to the former marriage? The Holy See replied in the negative (Denzig., 1865). Officials of the French civil government have no share in the making of the divorce law; they find it in existence; they are asked to declare it applicable and to apply it to marriage cases which come before them. They may separate in their own minds the civil from the sacramental contract; they may intend to deal only with the civil contract, and may so declare in rendering their decision; and yet the Holy See pronounces authoritatively that they may not even so far contribute to the desecration of marriage by divorce, and to the adultery by remarriage to which civil divorce paves the way.[1]

[1] On the intervention of judge, mayor, counsel in the application of already existing divorce laws, and the controversy as to whether such intervention is *intrinsically* evil or not, cf. Lehmkuhl, II, 921; Ballerini-Palmieri, VI, 818; Bucceroni, 983; Gasparri, *Casus*, 1248; Prummer, *Theol. Mor.*, III, 900; Genicot-Salsmans, II, 561; De Smet, *Betrothment and Marriage*, I, 394. Some maintain that such intervention is intrinsically evil, and therefore under no circumstances allowable, while all are agreed that *gravissimae causae* are necessary to justify it. All assume that divorce legislation is grossly immoral, and that no Catholic may introduce or support it.

And if, in the judgment of the Holy See and in accordance with Catholic principles, a French Catholic civil official may not administer an existing law of divorce because it legalises civilly what Our Lord declares to be unlawful, and because it leads to a contract and a manner of life which He declares to be adulterous, what are we to say of Catholics who would frame, or assist in the framing of, the law? If it were proposed to introduce a Bill into the Free State Legislature legalising Mormonism—the simultaneous polygamy which even United States public law proscribes, and which all public opinion in these islands condemns—we should have no doubt whatever about the attitude of Irish Catholics. No ministry would assent to or favour such a proposal; no deputy would support it; no elector would vote for a candidate who was known to countenance it. Ministry and deputies and electors would, of course, justify their attitude by excellent reasons drawn from the natural law and from social and economic considerations; but their chief and fundamental argument would be that legalised polygamy is legalised adultery, forbidden by God Himself through Christ; and they can have no part in legislation which encourages adultery and purports to repeal the law of God. Now, for Catholics, divorce with subsequent remarriage is only Mormonism under another name: there is no dissolution of the marriage bond; the wife remains a true wife in the sight of God and of His Church; and remarriage, like Mormonism, only adds another so-called wife to the one who has been "put away."

No Catholic, therefore, it seems clear, can conscientiously further divorce legislation, whether divorce is to be obtained by Private Bill or by the decision of a judicial tribunal. He may not support such legislation in Dáil or in Senate; he may not recommend or introduce it to either assembly; he may not approve of Standing Orders which will facilitate its introduction. He may take no positive part in abrogating a divine command.

But is he under any obligation to do more? Is he bound to oppose actively all such legislation? Must he take steps in the Government and in the Legislature to prevent it? It should be admitted, I think, that the duty of hindering evil is often less pressing than the duty to refrain from all co-operation in its commission. I may not myself be guilty of any immorality; I may not encourage others to be guilty of it; but I am not always called upon to prevent, even when I might, my neighbour's sins and crimes. Circumstances, however, may lay the obligation upon me. I may have voluntarily accepted a position of trust, or may be charged by nature with the guardianship and control of others, or may have contracted to protect and promote interests confided to my care. Trustees and executors, parents, customs officials, foreign ambassadors, company directors, and the like, have special and grave obligations which are peculiar to themselves. It is not enough for them to refrain from injuring the persons or property they have been set to guard. They cannot stand aside and see others do them injury: they must keep watch over them, defend them, in reasonable measure advance them. And all this is pre-eminently the case with the Government of the country: the executive, the legislature, the electors themselves are bound to have ever in view the country's welfare—material, moral, religious. They may not advocate what will prove injurious; they may not rest passive spectators of injury wrought by others. They are pledged by natural and divine law to intervene, so far as they have the power, in defence of all the country's interests. They may not assent, in public life or legislation, to what is immoral or irreligious, to what Christ our Lord condemns and forbids: they must not hold their hands when such issues are being determined; they must use their influence and authority on the side of right.

Hence the Joint Committee on Standing Orders which refused to make any recommendation facilitating divorce

acted in the best interests of Christian morality, and the Catholic members fulfilled a plain duty imposed by their religion. Hence, too, the Irish Executive will be bound to oppose all divorce legislation, and Catholic Deputies and Senators will be bound to attend and vote against it. Catholic electors will be bound to take cognisance of the action or inaction of their representatives and to deal with them accordingly. Divorce, like Mormonism, should be excluded from Ireland.

But this, some argue, is to impose religious disabilities on a minority: Irish Protestants, Jews, and infidels will be in a worse case than similar persons in Great Britain and in North-East Ulster; they will be deprived of rights which they enjoyed prior to the creation of an Irish Free State. It may be freely admitted that the argument must appear reasonable to minds which will not or cannot take the Catholic view. If a man holds that polygamy is allowed by God and nature, he is likely to think that Christian civil legislation is a grave infringement of his rights. If he holds that absolute divorce—divorce with a right of remarriage—was not forbidden by Christ, is not opposed to the original institution of marriage, nor prohibited by natural law, he will probably feel aggrieved by civil law which is in accord with Catholic doctrines. In neither case ought a Catholic or Christian country frame legislation to meet his wishes. Furthermore, it is to be noted that, since the Union, persons domiciled in Ireland could only obtain an absolute divorce by an Act of the London Parliament; and such Acts were costly and consequently very rare. If we may judge by the past, the minority which would avail itself in Ireland of Parliamentary divorce is utterly insignificant; and no one, I think, suggests that we should set up divorce Courts and provide divorce facilities after the English model. Nor can it be justly said that any citizen is dispossessed of any of his rights by the refusal of the Free State to legalise divorce. No one domiciled in Ireland has ever had a right to

absolute divorce. Before the Union it could only be obtained by an Act of the Irish Parliament (there were 9 such Private Acts); after the Union, by an Act of the Parliament in London: and it was never and could never be claimed as a right. Besides, there can be no right to what is sinful and immoral; and neither custom nor statute law can create the right. No action of the British or Irish Parliament could make polygamy other than what it is—a violation of natural and divine law; no action of theirs could give citizens of Great Britain or of Ireland a right to a plurality of wives. Had any such law existed when the Free State came into being, it would have been the duty of the Free State to abolish it at once.

Hence the refusal to legalise divorce is no denial of justice to any section of our people; it is no infringement of the fullest civil and religious liberties, which our Constitution guarantees to all. As well say that the prohibition of suttee is a denial of justice to the Hindu widow, an infringement of the civil and religious liberty which, from time immemorial until the conquest of India by the British, she had legally enjoyed. There can be no denial of justice, no infringement of liberty, where there is no violation of right; and there can be no right, civil or religious, to absolute divorce. The Hindu widow had a far clearer right to do herself to death on her husband's funeral pyre (her religion imposed it on her as a duty) than any member of a Christian community can have to put away his wife and enter into a state of public legalised adultery. England acted justly, and in fulfilment of a plain and grave moral obligation, when she forbade suttee in India; the Irish Free State will act justly, and in fulfilment of a plain and grave moral obligation, in refusing to legalise absolute divorce and remarriage among ourselves.

P. Finlay.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS

BY DOM LOUIS GOUGAUD, O.S.B.

THE English writer Edmund Waterton, author of a well-known book on the devotion paid to the Holy Virgin in Great Britain, *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, wrote in the year 1879 : " Ireland . . . . has long been known, *consensu gentium*, as the Island of Saints." [1] And according to Mgr. J. Hagan, at present Rector of the Irish College at Rome, " the title of Isle of Saints has been assigned to Ireland by an unbroken tradition which is at least a thousand years old." [2] To determine what grounds there are for this latter assertion, let us re-ascend the course of centuries and try to find out at what period Ireland began to be called the Isle of Saints, or rather, to what date may be assigned the oldest attestation we possess of that glorious title.

In order to secure the perpetuity of a tradition dear to them, the Irish writers of the 17th and 18th centuries were fond of enshrining its memory in the very titles of their works. Thus the great collection of Lives of the insular saints published by the Franciscan John Colgan in 1645-1647 is entitled *Acta Sanctorum veteris et maioris Scotiae seu Hiberniae, Sanctorum insulae.* Twenty years earlier Thomas Messingham had given to the world his *Florilegium Insulae Sanctorum* (Paris, 1624), and in 1703 G. D. O'Kelly published at Vienna a *Historica descriptio Hiberniae seu maioris Scotiae, insulae Sanctorum.*[3]

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[1] E. WATERTON, Op. cit., p. 11.

[2] J. HAGAN, *Insula sanctorum : la storia di un titolo usurpato*, Roma 1910, p. 32.

[3] This last work was re-published by Patrick O'Kelly in Dublin in 1838.—Numerous attestations of the title as applied to Ireland in the seventeenth and following centuries will be found in the anonymous pamphlet entitled *Insula Sanctorum, the Island of Saints, a title applied exclusively to Ireland proved by historical evidence from the ninth century to the present.* (London, Washbourne, 1872, p. 24 follg.). It was first published in *Catholic Opinion*, Jan. 25, 1868.

We possess two recensions of the Latin Life of an Irish saint of the seventh century named Abban of Magh Arnaide. Dr. Charles Plummer, who has made a thorough investigation of Irish hagiographical literature, does not definitely fix the age of the *Vita Abbani*; but the text seems to belong to a rather late period, five or six centuries posterior to Saint Abban himself. The *Vita* opens with a panegyric of Ireland which is found in both recensions. In that of the Kilkenny manuscript we read :—

> Cultores vero Hiberniae probati sunt in fide catholica et in dogmatibus ecclesiasticis, et plus omnibus nationibus sanctificantur. De illa scilicet gente maximum sanctorum agmen sibi elegit Deus.[1]

In the version of the Codex of Salamanca, the panegyric runs as follows :—

> Hujus insule (*i.e.*, Hiberniae) habitatores a prima sui conversione in fide fuerunt stabiles et erga ecclesiam Dei et precipue curiam romanam precipua devotione ferventes. Sed hospitalitatem plus ceteris nationibus sectantur. In hac insula tot viri eximie sanctitatis fuerunt quod insula sanctorum nomine appropriato dicebatur.[2]

The hospitality of the Irish had already been extolled by the Venerable Bede [3]; what chiefly claims our attention in the passage just quoted is the title *Insula Sanctorum* which Ireland enjoyed in the Middle Ages "*nomine appropriato*" according to the Irish hagiographer.

In 1897 A. Dürwaechter published a legendary composition dating from the second half of the thirteenth century, in which the apostolic labours and wanderings of the Scottic monks in Germany are interwoven with

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[1] Cap. 1 and 2, ed. COLGAN, *Acta Sanct.* I. 610; ed. C. PLUMMER, *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, Oxonii, 1910, p. 3; *cf.* p. XXIII. follg.

[2] Cap. 1, ed. DE BACKER et DE SMEDT, *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae e codice Salmanticensi.* (Edinburgi et Brugis, 1888) 505.

[3] *Hist. eccles. gentis Anglorum* III. 25.

the "*gesta*" of Charlemagne. In this text the "saints of Ireland" are represented as arriving in crowds in German territory just at the time when Charlemagne was engaged in building Aix-la-Chapelle, and we are told that so great was the supernatural power possessed by these men that "the sick of both sexes recovered health by touching their garments or merely through their blessing, and in response to their prayers the dead were raised to life."[1] These narratives, legendary in character and of late origin, emanate from an Irish source, their author being an emigrant Scot, a member of the monastic colony at Ratisbon.

The *Kongs Skuggsjo* (Royal Mirror), drawn up in Old Norse about the year 1250, attests that "it is said about Ireland that no other island of its size contains an equally large number of holy men." The same text adds that the peoples of Ireland, though savage and bloodthirsty in their internal contests, have never slain or ill-treated a single one of the many servants of God of whom the country makes its boast.[2] The source of this latter piece of information is known; we will refer to it presently. Just now we will only say that Kuno Meyer, who made a special study of the part of the *Kongs Skuggsjo* dealing with Ireland, opines that the author had not only written documents at his disposal, but availed himself also of oral information collected in Ireland.[3]

The Welshman Gerald de Barri (Giraldus Cambrensis), who had no kindly feeling towards the Irish of his time, notes in his *Topographia hibernica*, written before 1188, after he had twice travelled in Ireland, the fact that its inhabitants were prone to venerate their pastors as holy,

[1] A. Duerwaechter, *Die Gesta Caroli Magni der Regensburger Schottenlegende*, Bonn, 1897, p. 171-177.

[2] Kuno Meyer, *The Irish Mirabilia in the Norse "Speculum Regale"* (*Ériu* IV., 1908, p. 3-4).—On the date of this text see G. Vigfusson and F. York Powell, *An Icelandic Prose Reader*, Oxford 1879, p. 425.

[3] *Op. cit.* p. 16.

though the zeal of these pastors, he adds, left much to be desired :—

> Mirum autem, cum omnino tam desides officii, tam subditorum salutis negligentes semper extiterint, quod tot ex ipsis in terra pro sanctis habentur et ab accolis tamquam sancti tam devote coluntur et venerantur, etc.[1]

Gerald concludes the train of reflections to which this statement gives rise, by recalling the answer which he once drew from the Archbishop of Cashel in the course of a discussion in which he had the hardihood to engage with that prelate. The Welshman having affirmed that the Irish Church had never produced any martyrs—an assertion, by the way, which is false [2]—the Irish archbishop silenced him with the following words : " It is indeed true, barbarous, uncivilised and cruel as the people of our race may seem to be, that they have nevertheless ever paid great honour and respect to churchmen and have never lifted a hand against the saints of God. But now our country hath been overrun by a people who well know how to make martyrs : henceforth Ireland will have her martyrs like other nations." [3] There is here an evident allusion to the martyrdom of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, the odium of which fell on Henry II, late conqueror of Ireland. It is clear also that the author of the *Kongs Skuggsjo*, when making the observation quoted above, had in his mind the conversation at Cashel which he had found in Gerald's work.

It is indeed certain that a goodly number of writings of the twelfth century, notably the *Vita Malachiae* of Saint Bernard, who received his information direct from Saint Malachy, and the correspondence of the popes, who received theirs from their legates and from the Irish bishops themselves, attest a grave relaxation of

[1] GIRALDUS, *Topographia hibernica* III 31, ed. J. J. DIMOCK, London (Rolls Series), 1867, p. 177-178.

[2] See my study *Les conceptions du martyre chez les Irlandais* (*Revue bénédictine* XXIV, 1907, p. 361-362) and *Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity*, Dublin, 1923, p. 147, note 1.

[3] *Op. cit.* III 32, p. 178.

morals and religious feeling in the country at this period.[1] The severe strictures passed by Saint Bernard have been acknowledged as substantially founded by a historian endowed with critical acumen, Professor H. J. Lawlor.[2] Nevertheless this decadence did not prevent the idealists of the age from still calling their country the "Isle of Saints;" witness the following passage of an Irish poem written by Gilla Modubda († 1143), which received later interpolations after the conquest of the island by the English in 1172 :—

> "Virgin Ireland, isle of the Saints,
> With number of goodly Rules,
> Rude Gentiles have taken possession of it
> Without churchyards, without great profit."

And the poem closes with the repetition of the first line cited: "Virgin Ireland, isle of the Saints!"[3]

It is moreover towards the end of the twelfth century, between 1180 and 1185, that we find the title "Isle of Saints" for the first time applied to Ireland by the pen of a foreign writer. This writer was the Cistercian Jocelin of Furness, and his testimony is so important that it must be given here in its original form. Speaking in his *Life of Saint Patrick* of the extraordinary religious and ascetic movement called forth in the fifth century by the apostolic labours of the great missionary, Jocelin expresses himself as follows :—

Infra breve igitur temporis spatium, nulla eremus, nullus pene terrae angulus aut locus in insula fuit tam remotus, qui perfectis monachis aut monialibus non repleretur, ita ut Hibernia speciali nomine insula sanctorum ubique terrarum jure nominaretur.[4]

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[1] The Bull *Laudabiliter* of Adrian IV, 1155. (P.L. CLVIII, 1441); Alexander III, *Epist. ad Christianum Lismorensem episc. Apostol. Sedis legatum* (*ib.* 885); S. Bernard, *Vita Malachiae*, 3, 8 (P.L. CLXXXII, 1079, 1084-1086). *Cf.* Edmund Curtis, *A History of Mediaeval Ireland*, London, 1923, p. 8.

[2] H. J. Lawlor, *St. Bernard of Clairvaux's Life of St. Malachy of Armagh*, London, 1920, p. 161-163.

[3] Ed. B. MacCarthy, *The Codex Palatino-Vaticanus No.* 839 (Todd Lect. Series III, 1892, pp. 408-409, 436-437). Neither text nor translation given by MacCarthy are accurate.

[4] Jocelin, *Vita Patricii*, 152 (Boll. *Acta Sanct.*, Mar. II, 572).

In this passage the following points stand out clearly : (1) About the year 1180 Ireland, if we are to believe Jocelin, was known throughout Christendom as the Isle of Saints ; (2) this name was deserved ; and (3) it was gained for her by the lives of unparalleled ascetic devotion to be found in her innumerable monasteries and hermitages.

Yet, high as may have been the standard attained by these throngs of ascetics, if they had remained within the confines of their native country foreigners could hardly have gained such first-hand and thorough acquaintance with their merits as would lead them to confer that special title on Ireland. But, as is well known, beyond telling was the number of those Irishmen who left their country, urged by the spirit of sacrifice and missionary fervour, and there remain abundant testimonies to the zeal, the ardent faith, the self-abnegation and the high evangelic perfection of these voluntary exiles. We have already quoted some of these testimonies.[1] Saint Bernard, who paints the state of Ireland in the twelfth century in such dark colours, extols the holy monks and missionaries who, five or six centuries previously, had swarmed over the continent and compares the long-sustained movement to the closely-following waves of an inundation.[2] Later we shall find Renan speaking in like manner of " the legions of Irish saints who flooded the Continent " at the same period.[3]

Before Saint Bernard, Hariulf of Saint-Riquier in his Chronicle finished in the year 1088, recalling the missions of Saint Columban and his companions and successors, had written :—

Ipso autem tempore . . . . multorum sanctorum examina produxisse scitur Hibernia. Ex quibus beatus quoque Columbanus,

[1] For further evidence we may refer the reader to *Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity, passim.*

[2] " . . . . sed et in exteras etiam regiones, quasi inundatione facta, illa se sanctorum examina effuderunt." (*Vita Malachiae* VI, 12 ; P.L., CLXXXII, 1082).

[3] E. RENAN, *Essais de morale et de critique*, Paris 1890, p. 441.

homo Scotici generis, floruit, cujus laudabilis conversatio virtusque eximia totius Galliae loca respersit.[1]

From the pen of another chronicler of the same period we have *the oldest written attestation which has reached us of the title "insula sanctorum" applied to Ireland*:

Hibernia, insula sanctorum, sanctis mirabilibus perplurimis sublimiter plena habetur.[2]

The writer of these lines was the recluse Marianus Scottus, or Marianus the Irishman, who died at Mayence in 1082 or 1083. His attestation is, as we have said, the oldest extant; which, however, does not imply that the title had not previously been given to Ireland. Neither does the fact that this attestation comes from a chronicler of Irish birth imply that the Irish were the first to bestow the title on their own country. It is indeed only fair to point out that the epithet "saint" is given to Irish *peregrini* at large in various documents of an earlier date, some of which carry special weight.[3]

True indeed, the Irishmen who spread over the high-roads of Europe up to the twelfth century were not all saints. The tide of emigration sometimes bore with it elements of quality anything but praiseworthy; of these we have spoken elsewhere.[4] That we may leave nothing in the dark, let us here record a jarring note in the chorus of admiration which arose on all sides in the Carolingian age in favour of the *Scotti*. A Pontifical of Constance, dating from the second half of the ninth century, contains some notes, added later and in a different hand from the main text, on the qualities and defects of the various nations. Under the heading *De bonis naturis gencium* (*sic*), not the holiness of the *Scotti*, but their

[1] *Chronicon centulense* I, 6, ed. Migne, P.L., CLXXIV, 1220; ed. F. Lot in *Collect. de textes pour servir à l'étude de l'hist. de France*, XVII, Paris, 1894, p. 15. On the date of the Chronicle see F. Lot, *op. cit.* p. xvii-xviii.

[2] Marianus, *Chronicon*, ed. Migne, P.L., CXLV, 751.

[3] *Concilium Meldense* (845), can. 40 (Mansi XIV, 827-828); *Praef. Conc. Meld., capit. Karoli II* (M. G., *Leges.* I, 390-391); *Vita Adalberonis II*, (M. G., *Script.* IV, 668); Marianus Scottus, *Chronicon* (P.L., CXLVII, 784).

[4] *Gaelic Pioneers*, pp. 31-34, 104-105, 146.

subtlety is mentioned (*Scottorum argotia*),[1] while the Britons are praised for hospitality (*Brittanorum hospitalitas*). On the other hand, under the heading *De vitiis* (MS. *vitas*) *gencium*, we read: " . . . . gula Gallorum; vana gloria Langobardorum . . . . Ferocitas Francorum . . . . Luxuria Vuasconorum; *libido Scottorum*[2] . . . . Ira Brittanorum; spurcitia Sclavorum." But who, outside collectors of popular epigrams, will attach much weight to this singular composition, the origin of which is unknown?

Ireland receives more honourable mention in the following words taken from an anonymous Life of Saint Wiro, an expatriated Irishman who died probably about the year 700 at Ruremond in Dutch Limburg:—

Scotia, uber sanctorum patrum insula, stellarum numeris sanctorum coaequans patrocinia.[3]

Likewise in a poem, composed by a Frankish author of the end of the eighth century, entitled *Versus de Asia et de universi mundi rota*:

Hibernia maxima floret multa sapientia.[4]

Does this refer to Christian wisdom or to profane? to the wisdom which produces saints and flows from them or the wisdom of scholars? The poet had a full right to celebrate either, for at the time when he wrote the scholars

[1] MS. 192 of the Prince's Library of Donaueschingen (fol. 114-115), in M. J. METZGER, *Zwei karolingische Pontificalien vom Oberrhein*, Freiburg i. Br., 1914, p. 35. In a similar text of the fourteenth century published by TH. WRIGHT & J. O. HALLIWELL, *Reliquiae antiquae* (London 1841, I, p. 127) we read: "*libido Suevorum.*"—For the subtlety attributed to the Irish see my *Chrétientés Celtiques*, Paris, 1911, pp. 279-280. The saying " ergoteur comme un Hibernois " (as fond of arguing as a Hibernian) was still current in the eighteenth century (J. VENDRYES in *Revue Celtique* XXXVIII, p. 230, n. 2).

[2] This singular characteristic may owe its origin to a passage of Saint Jerome on the polygamy of the *Scotti* (see *Adv. Jovin.*, II, 7; P.L., XXIII, 309). On the other hand, the chastity of the Irish was highly praised by many writers. See especially the *Vita S. Odae*, II, 14, ed. GHESQUIERE, *Acta Sanct. Belgii*, 1783, VI. 629, & GERALD DE BARRI, *Topogr. Hib.* III, 27.

[3] *Vita Wironis*, 2 (BOLL., May II, 312). This Life is probably of the ninth century, according to M. L. VAN DER ESSEN, *Etude critique et littéraire sur les Vitae des saints mérovingiens de l'ancienne Belgique* (Louvain & Paris, 1907, pp. 105-106).

[4] Ed. K. STRECKER, M. G., *Poet. lat. Medii aevi*, IV, 559.

of Ireland, no less than her saints, were held in high esteem in continental Europe. Besides, Irish learning was ever at the service of the Christian faith, as is proved by the following words of Alcuin :—

Igitur antiquo tempore doctissimi solebant magistri de Hibernia Britanniam, Galliam, Italiam venire, et multos per ecclesias Christi fecisse profectus . . . . noscuntur.[1]

Like Saint Bernard and Hariulf, Alcuin, in writing these words, was thinking chiefly of Saint Columban and his disciples. The founder of Luxeuil and Bobbio was in the eyes of men in the Middle Ages the fairest example of Irish sanctity. His biographer Jonas of Bobbio represents him as sprung from a race which surpassed all others in strictness of faith. " The race of the *Scotti*," he writes, " though under different laws from those of other nations, are yet so strong in their Christian convictions that they excel all the neighbouring nations in faith." [2]

At the end of the Golden Age of Irish sanctity, the need was felt of drawing up a list of the greatest national saints. In this *Catalogus sanctorum Hiberniae*, which dates from about the year 750, they are divided into three chronological series or " orders," Saint Patrick being at the head.[3] This celebrated document, which might well have assumed the proportions of a vast martyrology, amounts to little more than a *tableau d'honneur*. In it are given only the names of the leaders of file, the founders of the great monastic *familiae*. " Pauci vero electi " the reader is inclined to exclaim, so large is the number of the *praetermissi*, for the native hagiographers and annalists reckon the saints belonging to certain communities by the thousand.[4]

Such figures have led some modern writers to question

[1] Ed. E. Duemmler, M. G., *Epist.*, iv, 437.

[2] *Vita Columbani*, ed. Bruno Krusch, I, 2 (M. G. *Script. rer. Merov.* IV, 36).

[3] Ed. Haddan & Stubbs, *Councils & eccles. Docum.* II, 292.

[4] Colgan, *Acta Sanct.*, I. 605; *Martyrology of Donegal*, ed. Todd & Reeves, Dublin, 1864, pp. 332-333.

whether the idea of sanctity held by the ancient Celtic Christians was the same as ours. The word "saint," we know, has not always had the sense assigned to it at the present day.[1] It has been maintained by some that for the Celtic Christian Churches of the Middle Ages "sanctity" was not a personal quality, acquired by persevering effort of the individual will, the divine grace aiding, but was, so to speak, collective in its nature. The mere fact of belonging to such and such a privileged clan, to such and such a monastic community which enjoyed a reputation for sanctity, rendered all members of the group saints. J. W. Willis Bund, the author of *The Celtic Church of Wales*, has done not a little to gain credit for this view.[2] We regret that it has lately been echoed somewhat too complacently by M. Jacques Chevalier. "Les Gallois, comme tous les autres Celtes," he writes in his *Essai sur la formation de la nationalité et les réveils religieux du Pays de Galles*, "étaient manifestement incapables de s'élever à la notion de la sainteté individuelle . . . .Chez les Celtes, l'individu n'existe que dans et par la communauté ; tous les privilèges de la personne dérivent des privilèges de sa parenté . . . . L'ordre moral, qui n'est pour eux que l'ordre tribal, n'est pas un bien que l'on gagne, mais une chose dont l'on hérite." And further : "Cette haute autorité dont jouissaient les saints et qui se faisait reconnaître de tous, il fallait en rendre compte, il y fallait trouver des raisons : on leur découvrit des ancêtres. Les saints, c'est-à-dire les fondateurs et les chefs de communautés —on ne se les représente pas autrement qu' à la tête d'une 'tribu de moines'—furent tous rattachés à quelque

[1] H. DELEHAYE, *Sanctus* (*Analecta Bollandiana*, XXVIII, 1909, p. 145 follg.) ; GUIL. LINK, *De vocis "sanctus" usu pagano quaestiones selectae*, Regimonti, 1910 ; E. WILLINGER, *Hagios : Untersuchungen zur Terminologia des Heiligen in den hellenisch-hellenistischen Religionen*, Giessen, 1922 (*Religionsgeschichtliche Versuche und Vorarbeiten*, XIX, 1).

[2] WILLIS BUND, *op. cit.*, ch. IX. See also *Welsh Saints* (*Transactions of the hon. Soc. of Cymmrodorion*, 1893-94, pp. 21-54) by the same author.

famille illustre . . . . " [1] This strange theory, which M. J. Chevalier himself subsequently modifies and corrects,[2] is supported only by some rather obscure texts of a late period. Irish hagiography taken as a whole protests against the picture of " Celtic saintship " given above. And notwithstanding occasional abuse of the word " saint," the term had as a rule in the mediaeval Celtic world, and notably in Ireland, no other signification than that which prevailed in the rest of Christendom in the same period.

Allowance must further be made for superstitious ideas and customs such as belong to all ages and every country. Some districts—notably a large number of islands—passed for holy or sacred places, and it seems certain that a good many such places owed the privilege to purely superstitious beliefs.[3] But in very many cases the *sanctitas loci* was imputed because of the holy lives of those who inhabited these places in

[1] J. Chevalier, *op. cit.* pp. 28-289.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 359, n. 1.—J. R., the author of the review of *Gaelic Pioneers* in *Studies* (Sept. 1923, p. 484), seems to imply that I myself upheld an opinion precisely the same as that which I contest above as to a " self-perpetuating class " of saints. If J. R. will be good enough to refer to my *Chrétientés celtiques* (pp. 105-107) he will see that such an opinion has ever been wholly alien to my thought.

[3] A certain number of islands belonging to Celtic countries received the name of " holy isle," " sacred isle " or " isle of saints." Let us instance Lindisfarne (Holy Island) on the coast of Northumberland, Hinba near Iona off the coast of Scotland, Bardsey at the extremity of the Carnarvon peninsula in Wales, and Inishmore, the largest of the Aran Islands in Galway Bay. Several islands of Ireland bore the name Iniscaltra (holy island). *Cf.* J. Hagan, *La Storia di un titolo usurpato*, p. 55. –A Life of Saint Brendan mentions (ch. 31) an island " which is called *The Land of the Saints* " (Ed. C. Plummer, *Lives of Irish Saints*, Oxford, 1922, p. 49). For popular beliefs concerning Bardsey, see Gerald de Barri, *Topogr. hibern.* II 4, p. 82, and *cf.* also J. Chevalier, *op. cit.* p. 273. In Celtic hagiographical literature mention is made of many islands from which venomous reptiles were banished by their tutelar saints. Demons were held to have no power over the Christians who inhabited a certain island of Ireland (K. Meyer, *The Irish Mirabilia*, p. 8). In another island no one died (K. Meyer, *op. cit.* p 7 ; Giarldus, *Topogr, hib.* II 4, p. 81 ; J. H. Todd, *The Irish Version of the Historia Britonum of Nennius*, Dublin, 1848, p. 217). In a third, no corpse putrefied (K. Meyer, *op. cit.*, p. 6 ;. Giraldus, *Top. hib.*, II 5, p. 83). Certain districts were privileged burial-places and consequently much sought after, for instance the cemetery of Saint David in Wales :

" Who enters a grave in Dewi's churchyard
Enters not hell, that swamp of torment."

(E. Anwyl, *The Poetry of the Gogynfeirdd*, Denbigh 1909, p. 83). Gerald speaks of a certain island in Ulster, part of which was specially favoured, " angelorum visitatione sanctorumque loci illius visibili frequentia incomparabiliter illustrata " (*Top. Hib.*, II 5, p. 82). The Purgatory of Saint Patrick, well-known as a resort of pilgrims and penitents, is situated on an island in Lough Derg, Co. Donegal.

succession through many generations and found their burial there.[1] If in like manner, from the middle of the twelfth century—perhaps even earlier—the city of Cologne was called "holy Cologne."[2] it was not solely, I fancy, because of the number and the beauty of its religious buildings. It owed the title chiefly to the traditional faith and piety of its inhabitants, to the crowds who thronged its churches, to the celebrated relics which men came from afar to venerate, to the impressive religious ceremonies which were enacted in its streets, and also to the number of elect souls who achieved sancity in the many cloister which the city was proud of containing within its walls.

Again, the theory of a pre-Christian origin has been advanced for the title *insula sanctorum* claimed by Ireland. Already in the fourth century the Latin poet Avienus designates the island as *insula sacra*, an appellation which there is nothing in the history of preceding times to justify.[3] How are we to account for it? The explanation offered some fifty years ago by M. H. Gaidoz is in our judgment a very plausible one. Ireland appears in Greek writings under three names: *Ἰέρνη*, *Ἰερνίς νῆσος* and *Ἰουερνία*. It is likely that of the two former

[1] Why has Inishmore, the chief of the Aran Isles, been called "Ara Sanctorum"? John Colgan gives us the reason: "Quia in ea Sanctus Endeus decem construxit coenobia . . . . et innumeris sanctorum reliquiis et sepulchris plena [est] ut indicat auctor vitae sancti Kierani Cluanensis. Post haec, inquit, sanctus pervenit ad insulam nomine Ara, ... in qua multitudo virorum sanct rum manet, et innumerabiles sancti omnibus incogniti nisi soli Deo omnipotenti ibi iacent." (*Acta Sanct. Hiberniae*, p. 714). On the numerous monasteries & hermitages situate on islands, see G. T. STOKES, *The Island Monasteries of Wales & Ireland* (*Proceedings Roy. Soc. of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 5th series, I, 1890-91, pp. 658-664).

[2] "Gaude felix Agrippina sanctaque Colonia,
Sanctitatis tuae bina gerens testimonia."

The lines occur in the MS. 103 of the John Rylands Library at Manchester (sixteenth century). *Cf.* M. R. JAMES, *A descriptive Catalogue of the Latin Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library at Manchester* (Manchester, 1921, I, p. 184). Already in a document of the year 1159 Cologne is called "sancta, sacrosancta Colonia" (T. J. LACOMBLET, *Urkundenbuch für die Geschichte des Niederrheins*, Düsseldorf, 1840, pp. 275-276).

[3] AVIENUS, *Ora Maritima*, v. 108, ed. A. SCHULTEN, *Fontes Hispaniae antiquae*, I, Barcinone and Berolini, 1922, p. 56.

names a new one was made, *ἱερὰ νῆσος*; hence the term used by Avienus. The Greeks doubtless believed that in the name of Ireland they found the stem of their adjective *ἱερο*—"sacred," just as they believed they found it in the name of the principal city of Judea, Jerouschalem (Jerusalem), of which they made *Ἱεροσόλυμα*.[1] So far we are thoroughly inclined to adopt the opinion of M. Gaidoz; but we cannot go with him farther and admit that the name Isle of Saints—"well-deserved indeed," as he allows—was given to Ireland merely in imitation of the title *insula sacra* conferred on her by the Greeks and Avienus. As has been sufficiently shown, we think, by the texts already quoted, it is in the history of christian Ireland in the first place that the justification of this name must be sought. But while recognising that in the paramount merits of her numerous saints lay the chief and fundamental cause of the title wherewith the *consensus gentium* has honoured Ireland, we must not close our eyes to the fact that the western peoples were in some measure predisposed by all the wonders related of that mysterious island, situate on the furthest limits of the world then known,[2] to regard its inhabitants as extraordinary beings. Popular imagination is prone to enswathe in mystery islands and the inhabitants of islands.[3] The Middle Ages found in the writers of antiquity the primary elements of the *Mirabilia Hiberniae*; they added to the number of these and heightened their fantastic character. Translated into various languages, these fables were circulated throughout our western

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[1] H. Gaidoz, *Du prétendu nom d'Ile des Saints anciennement donné à l'Irlande* (*Revue Celtique* II, 1873-75, pp. 352-357). Roderick O'Flaherty had already connected the title *Insula Sanctorum* with the name *insula sacra* given to Ireland by Avienus (*Ogygia, seu Rerum hibernicarum Chronologia*, London, 1685, p. 21).

[2] "Mundi fines" (Aethicus); "Exterae partis ubi nemo ultra erat" (Saint Patrick, *Confessio*).

[3] See the texts cited above, further the *Mirabilia Hiberniae* of which we shall speak presently, and Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia imperialia*, II 10, ed. F. Liebrecht, Hannover, 1856, p. 10.

world.[1] It is easy to conceive the kind of fascination exercised on the peoples of continental Europe by those Irishmen from whom they looked for deeds out of the common and of whom so many did indeed reveal themselves as superior beings, manifesting in their actions the power of the supernatural.

Thus far we have summed up the causes which may be held to account for the title of Isle of Saints. Was that title the exclusive heritage of the country evangelized by Saint Patrick? May it not be that a like name was in olden times conferred on the great neighbouring island, justly proud of Saint Boniface and Saint Willibrord, the emulators of the great Irish missionaries, of the Venerable Bede, of Saint Dunstan, of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, of the martyrs of the Reformation, of so many other renowned saints? This is a question which has been on several occasions a subject of lively debate between Englishmen and Irishmen. We must now proceed to consider it. In doing so, we will preserve the respect due to the traditions of the "land of Angels": *non Angli, sed Angeli*! "Virtus nobis adsit

[1] There is a copious literature pertaining to the *Mirabilia Hiberniae*, of which the following works may be mentioned: C. JULIUS SOLINUS, *Collectanea rerum mirabilium*, xxii 2, ed. MOMMSEN, Berolini, 1895, p. 100; ISIDORE OF SEVILLE *Etymol.* XIV, 6, 6 (P. L., LXXXII, 513); BEDE, *Hist. eccles. gentis Angl.*, I, 1; DONATUS OF FIESOLE (9th cent.), ed. TRAUBE, *Poetae lat. aevi Karol.*, III, pp. 691-692; GERALD DE BARRI, *Topogr. Hib.* ii, 4-55, pp. 80-137; Paris, Bibl. Nat., Lat. MS. 11, 108 (12th cent.), fragment of a poem composed about the year 1000 (*cf.* K. MEYER, *op. cit.*, p. 3), published by Mommsen (M. G., *Chronica minora*: *Auct. antiquissimi*, xiii, pp. 211-222). The entire poem has been published by WRIGHT & HALLIWELL in *Reliquiae antiquae*, II, pp. 106-107.—Irish version: ed. J. H. TODD, *The Irish Version of the Hist. Britonum*, pp. 192-210; Norse version: *Knogs Skuggsjo* (cf. K. MEYER, *art. cit.*); Provençal version, ed. J. ULRICH, *Les Merveilles d'Irlande du Frère Philippe* (14th cent.), Leipzig, 1892; French version by JEAN DE MEUNG (*cf.* GASTON PARIS, *La littérature francaise du Moyen Age*, 4th edit., Paris, 1909, p. 182). Earth, sand, dust, wood, leather, parchment leaves and even their clippings, coming from Ireland, were held to possess miraculous properties. On the singular virtues of an Irish knife-handle, see NICOLAS DE MONTIER-EN RAMEY (12th cent.), *Epist.* 43 (P.L., CXCVI, 1643). For leather, see H. GAIDOZ, *Le cuir d'Irlande dans les Mabinogion* (*Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie* VI pp. 191-194).

angelica, ut nihil praeter veritatem de Anglis proferamus." [1] Be ours the desire for fairness and impartiality which has thus found expression in an old chronicle.

It is a patent fact that the title "Island of Saints" has often been applied to England in modern times. In his instructive pamphlet *La storia di un titolo usurpato*, specially designed to enlighten Roman opinion, Mgr. J. Hagan quotes the author of the continuation of Rohrbacher, whose testimony certainly will not carry much weight. He further notes the following passage from *L'Angleterre chrétienne avant les Normands* by Dom F. Cabrol: "Cloîtres celtes et anglo-saxons produisirent des merveilles de sainteté et valurent à l'Angleterre pour des siècles le nom d'île des saints." [2] Another French Benedictine, Dom Camille Leduc, whose biography has just been published, wrote in 1849 to a correspondent: "Quel beau jour que celui où cette île tout entière, qui fut jadis appelée l'île des saints, redeviendra catholique!" [3] At Rome about twenty years ago, observes Mgr. Hagan, the title in question was generally assigned, not to Ireland, but to England.[4]

On the second Sunday in every month it is customary throughout England to recite at the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament a prayer *pro conversione Angliae* which contains the following passage: "Remember [O God] all those holy confessors, bishops and kings, all those monks and hermits, all those holy virgins and widows, who made this once an Island of Saints, illustrious by their glorious merits and virtues." This prayer was composed in 1839 by the future Cardinal Wiseman. The original version ran: "Who made this once *the* Island of Saints," but was later modified by Cardinal Manning,

[1] *Chronicle of Abingdon*, ed. J. Stevenson, London (Rolls Series), 1858, I, p. 3.
[2] Paris, 1908, p. 288.
[3] Dom G. Meunier, *Dom C. Leduc, moine de Solesmes*, Paris, 1923, p. 72.
[4] J. Hagan, *Insula Sanctorum: la storia di un titolo usurpato*, p. 33.

who substituted the indefinite for the definite article: a change to be commended.[1]

In consequence of an address given in Rome on April 26, 1909, by Cardinal Andrieu, in which he styled England "the Island of Saints," protests were raised on the Irish side, and a lengthy discussion on the appropriateness of the term was opened in the columns of the *Tablet*. "In the Ages of Faith the title was given not only to Ireland but to England" declared Mgr. John S. Vaughan, taking his stand on the authority of Newman.[2] He might equally have invoked that of Lingard.[3] But the upholders of the contrary opinion retorted that the point at stake was not to know what Newman or Lingard might have thought or written on the subject; they challenged their adversaries to bring forward testimonies going back to "the Ages of Faith," or even anterior to the ninteenth century, which would prove that the title had of yore been allotted to England as well as to Ireland.[4] Only one such could be adduced, and it did not find favour with the correspondent of the *Tablet* who had thrown out the challenge;[5] by Mgr. Hagan it is likewise rejected as inadequate.[6] However, in our humble opinion, this testimony deserves consideration. It is a passage from the discourse pronounced on Nov. 16, 1581, before his judges by Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J., who was to be executed on the 1st December following. It runs as follows: "In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors, all the ancient bishops,

[1] See the anonymous pamphlet already quoted, *Insula sanctorum*, London, 1872, pp. 1-2; J. HAGAN, *op. cit.*, pp. 43-44; J. KEATING in the *Tablet* of Sept. 11, 1909, p. 417.

[2] *Tablet*, May 29, 1909, p. 856.

[3] LINGARD, *History & Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, 1st edition, London, 1806, vol. II, p. 94.

[4] *Tablet*, June 5, 1909, p. 895. Cf. STANNOUS in the *Catholic Bulletin*, Febr. 1922, p. 83.

[5] The late Canon Gunning was the first to draw the attention of the disputants to this text in the *Tablet* of July 3, 1909, p. 19. It is set aside by "Sacerdos" in the *Tablet* of July 10, 1909, p. 61.

[6] J. HAGAN, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-40.

priests and kings, all that was once the glory of England, the island of saints and the most devoted child of the See of Peter." [1] The authenticity of these words of the English martyr is beyond dispute. They were not invented in 1867 by Richard Simpson, the biographer of Campion, as some appear to believe; they are taken from the authentic documents of the trial.[2]

The defenders of the English claims might moreover have contributed to the debate another text, one belonging to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Charles Auguste de Sales, author of the Life of Saint Francis de Sales, records the following utterance of his uncle the bishop of Geneva concerning England. "Oh, who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly to that King [James], to that great island now encompassed by thick mists of error, that island which in times past (*olim*) was by all good men called the Land of Saints!" [3]

Let us deduce the conclusions embodied in the foregoing pages. Up to the present, it is true, no text of the Middle Ages has been discovered which entitled us to believe that England, like Ireland, was from an early date called "the Island of Saints" or even "an Island of Saints." Nevertheless, the words attributed to Saint Francis de Sales by his nephew, taken literally, would lead us to believe that even before the glorious era of the Reformation martyrs (note the word *olim* of the original Latin text of Charles Auguste), the honourable title originally bestowed on Ireland had by foreigners been

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[1] Richard Simpson, *Edmund Campion*, London, 1867. We have consulted the latest edition of this work "reprinted from a copy corrected by the learned author before his death" (London, 1896, p. 435).

[2] Simpson gives his authorities, pp. 534-535, Cf. Dom Bede Camm, *Lives of the English Martyrs*, London, 1905, II, p. 348.

[3] "Hei, inquit, quis mihi det pennas sicut columbae et volabo ad regem illum [Jacobum], in magnam insulam illam densa errorum caligine circumtectam, insulam, inquam, quam olim Sanctorum patriam boni omnes appellabant" (Charles-Auguste de Sales, *De vita et rebus gestis servi Dei, eximiae sanctitatis viri, patris et patrui sui, Francisci Salesii*, Lugduni 1634, pp. 383-384). King James I reigned in Great Britain 1603-1625.

extended to England. It will perhaps be urged that his extension was due to confusion between the two islands of the United Kingdom, and the supposition is by no means impossible. England may, in virtue of a blunder, have in this point been the beneficiary of the glory of Ireland. How many Irishmen have not at one time or another been taken for Englishmen on the Continent ?

From a scholar like the Sovereign Pontiff at present reigning we may surely expect precision in the use of terms and a due regard for their traditional associations. In his consistorial address of May 23, 1923, Pius XI, assigning to each nation its due, names France " the eldest daughter of the Church " ; England he calls " the land of Angels," in memory of the well-known pun suggested to Saint Gregory the Great by the sight of young English slaves in the Roman Forum ; and to Ireland he reserves the age-long title " Isle of Saints."[1]

L. Gougaud, O.S.B.

[Translated from the French by Miss Maud Joynt.]

[1] *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, June 1, 1923, p. 250.—It is surprising that Ireland, the Island of Saints *par excellence* and so styled in the Roman Breviary (5th lesson of the Festival of Saint Patrick, March 17), should not have a single one of he numerous saints entered in the general Calendar of the Church ; for Saint Patrick, of course, was not Irish by birth. If an Irish saint were to be chosen to represent the Isle of Saints in the Calendar of the universal Church, substantial claims to the honour might be advanced on behalf of Saint Columban.

GIBBON AND THE FIRST COUNCIL OF EPHESUS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I PROPOSE in what follows to examine the historical misstatement, errors and ignorance of Gibbon in his account of the First Council of Ephesus and its origins, covering the years A.D. 429, 430, and 431.

I shall not touch his text where it deals with discussion prior to the first Nestorian documents of 429 (or late 428), nor where it professes to describe the discussion following on the formal dissolution of the Council in October 431. These also are, in Gibbon, bad history; but, for the purposes of close and exact analysis, I shall confine myself to a fixed and narrow field of special importance: the Council itself and its immediate preliminaries.

The Council of Ephesus was called, and registered its decisions, under the following circumstances:—

The Pagans, of whom a powerful and highly cultivated remnant survived in the generation after A.D. 400, denied, of course, the divinity of Christ. He was, for some of them, perhaps a half mythical figure, for others a sympathetic, for others again a repellant, historical, but purely human character, of origins deservedly obscure, round whom a false accretion of divine worship had accumulated for just on four hundred years.

The Christians, who now formed the bulk of articulate society in civilised Europe, from the Scotch Highlands to the Euphrates, who were already in the Mediterranean countries a great majority, and who always included the Emperors and the official world, affirmed and believed that Christ was God. But since all admitted also his former historical presence on earth as a human being,

there was proposed to their intelligence a mystery: that of the Incarnation. Now mystery involves partial interpretation and therefore the opportunity for false doctrine: and this mystery of the Incarnation gave rise to the Heresy of Nestorius.

The Church was at this moment (428 A.D.) organised in great Metropolitan Sees, to the few highest of which was attached the title "Patriarch" (sometimes "Exarch") and each of which stood at the head of a greater or lesser number of suffragan Bishops. That of Rome, which also held the Patriarchate of the West, was held to enjoy a peculiar position of primacy, to be naturally appealed to as a centre both of authority and tradition, and, as naturally, to exercise a certain initiative in the correction of abuses and the definition of doctrine, under the dignity of "Apostolic See," from its admitted foundation by SS. Peter and Paul and its equally admitted succession from that Apostle Peter who was universally regarded as the chief of the Apostles. It is quite indifferent to our judging an historian upon the 5th century, whether this then admitted position and its historical foundation were sound or no, whether it had developed from an unbroken tradition or was spuriously imposed. We are dealing here, not with the origins of the Roman claim, but with the nature and degree of its admission in A.D. 428 by the other Sees of Christendom and by the opinion and practice of the time.

Among the chief Metropolitan Sees were (besides Rome) Carthage, Constantinople ("New Rome"—the Imperial City), Ephesus, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria, governing very unequal bodies of suffragans, but all of them (and many more) Archbishoprics.

In A.D. 428 St. Celestine sat in the See of Rome, St. Cyril in that of Alexandria, John in that of Antioch; while the Emperor, who had (in practice) special powers over that of Constantinople, filled it during this year (before April 10, 428) with a monk, Nestorius, who was

famous for his piety and universally respected. There is no trace of enmity between himself and St. Cyril, or any other bishop, on his appointment, which was everywhere popular. He was believed, on his appointment, to be zealous for orthodoxy.

Shortly after his accession, probably as early as the summer of A.D. 428, a subordinate of his began preaching sermons in which, perhaps by reaction against an extreme upon the other side,[1] it was maintained that the Divinity, though present in, was not personally united with, Christ. The Human Being, that is, was not in such union with the Divinity that one could say, for instance, that God had been on earth as an infant. Nestorius supported his inferior, himself wrote to the same effect, and in particular fastened upon the ancient term "Mother of God" as inapplicable to the human Mother of the human Christ.

So novel an attitude roused immediate excitement everywhere, and Nestorius wrote to St. Celestine at Rome, either at the end of 428 or quite early in 429, stating his attitude.

St. Celestine and the bishops with him in Council at Rome, then asked St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, that is, head of all the Egyptian Church, who was the leading figure at that moment in the Eastern Greek-speaking part of the Christian world to examine and report; also they communicated to him Nestorius's letter.

St. Cyril then wrote to Nestorius with great courtesy and charity (though he was an energetic and even impetuous man), and urged the traditional Catholic doctrine against the novel views Nestorius had put forward. Those novel views were still maintained, however, by Nestorius, and some time about June A.D. 430, probably not much earlier and certainly not much

[1] Apollinaris had maintained in the previous generation that there was but one nature in Christ, thus belittling the Humanity.

later, St. Cyril reported to Rome. He did so in a letter strongly condemning Nestorius, reciting the "ancient custom" by which disputes were laid before the Roman See, and asking Celestine to "decree his judgment."[1]

On the 11th (or 12th) of that August, A.D. 430, St. Celestine wrote a solemn and imperative letter to St. Cyril, acting, as he says in set terms, with the special initiative and authority of his Apostolic See. In this letter he gives Nestorius ten days after its receipt in which to recant; failing that, he is to be deposed, and St. Cyril is to act in the place and with the authority of himself, Celestine, and of his See of Rome.

Nestorius, though the letter did not reach him for months, was prepared to reject the whole transaction, relying on his few suffragans and on the personal friendship (*not* doctrinal adhesion) of *some* of the Eastern Metropolitans; notably John of Antioch, who did not, in the final issue, support the Nestorian doctrines, but who found the man Nestorius sympathetic, and who especially dreaded the Apollinarian heresy, opposite to that of Nestorius. But though Nestorius had this indirect and merely personal support of the Metropolitan of Antioch, the Eastern Greek-speaking Churches as a whole were strongly traditional and Catholic, and opposed Nestorius's innovation. Memnon of Ephesus, with his 40 (or 52) suffragans, was against him; most of Syria and the very numerous Egyptian Church, under St. Cyril, strongly so. The Latin-speaking Churches of the West were unanimously against him.

Basil, a monk of great position at Constantinople, strongly opposed Nestorius, and had with him a great following of the people and clergy. He and his companions begged the Emperor Theodosius II, to call a general council of the whole church, and probably Nestorius agreed to the request. The writ was issued

[1] The actual words were "τυπώσαι τὸ δοκοῦν": one could not more forcibly demand the (*a*) *final* (*b*) *decision* of a (*c*) officially recognised *Court of Reference*.

in the name of both Emperors (Valentinian in the West), in Latin and in Greek, to all the Metropolitans of Christendom. It was issued on the 19th of November A.D. 430, summoned each Metropolitan to be at Ephesus before or by Pentecost of the next year (June 6th, 431), when the Council was to open, and told each to bring with him " some few suffragans ; a number adequate to the decision, so that the matter could be sufficiently debated, but not so large as to leave the Bishops at home insufficient to carry on the ecclesiastical work of each province."

Nestorius arrived in time, that is, before Pentecost, with 12 (or 16) suffragans from his restricted but populous province ; Memnon of Ephesus had 40 (or 52, if 12 from Pamphylia be admitted) ; St. Cyril was present with 50, and so were Julian of Jerusalem (who came just after Whitsun), and Flavian of Thrace. Only John, Patriarch of Antioch, was missing. He had written to say that he and his bishops and certain of his metropolitans (in all under 50) could not start till the Octave of Easter (April 25th).

The regular civilian journey from Antioch to Ephesus by land (he *could* have come quickly by sea) was thirty stages ; he was due, therefore, on May 25th, nearly a week before the opening date.

Candidian was the Emperor's military officer, or *Comes*, in Ephesus, for the purposes of the Council, commanding a garrison of soldiers.

Whitsuntide passed, but John of Antioch had not arrived. Instead, there came a letter from him saying he would take the last stages leisurely, " in five or six days." (He had, as a fact, delayed his departure from Antioch for over three weeks after the date he had promised. He did not start till May 18th).

Letters arrived from Capreolus of Carthage, head of the African church. He said he was opposed to Nestorius, like the whole mass of Christendom, but

regretted he could not come in person. Indeed, the Vandal war was raging in his Province at the time. Letters were also on their way from St. Celestine in Rome, approving the Council; and he also sent two Bishops of Italy and his private Legate to represent himself.

The heat was intense. Sickness broke out. Certain of the assembled Bishops died. Whit Sunday, the official opening day, was June 6th. June 12th, the latest date named by John of Antioch as that of his delayed arrival, went by, and still he did not arrive. The Council (with St. Cyril at their head on St. Celestine's mandate) waited with increasing difficulty another week and more. But when by June 21st there was still no appearance of the Patriarch of Antioch, St. Cyril, acting as head of the Council, decided to delay no longer. He sent Nestorius the three Canonical summonses. Nestorius replied to the first that he would come if he chose; to the second, by saying "when all are assembled"; and to the last not at all. Two of John's Bishops who had arrived ahead of the rest, asked for delay, but said John did not insist on it. 68 in all signed in favour of delay. But St. Cyril opened the Council the next day, June 22nd, with 160 Bishops present, a number which grew to 198 before the final voting. The evidence of what Nestorius had advanced against the Divine Humanity was read, 126 Bishops spoke, 198 voted and signed. Nestorius was unanimously condemned and the sentence calling him "Judas" was affixed to his door. The form of the sentence ran: "Compelled (so to act) by the Canons and by the letter of our most holy Father and colleague Celestine, Bishop of the Roman Church." Candidian, the Emperor's officer, tore down the notice.

Five days later, on the 27th of June, John of Antioch arrived. He was told by Candidian that he, Candidian, had tried to get a delay—but the detailed Minutes of the Council make no mention of this, and the statement

is presumably false. John held what was called a "little synod" of his own—43 Bishops—and though it voted down Cyril as a heretic and Memnon as a rioter (there had been much violence in the streets and regular fighting to force an entry for John's men into the conclave), it said not a word in favour of Nestorius.

The Emperor ordered another session.

On the 10th of July the two Bishops of the Italian Province and the Legate of St. Celestine arrived from Rome. This last, Celestine's legate Philip, said, amid the acclamation of the assembled Bishops, that he brought instructions to carry out the original Roman decision against Nestorius. Projectus, one of the Bishops sent by Rome, added that Celestine's letter enjoined on the Council to carry the original sentence into effect. Firmus, the Exarch of Caesarea, repeated the two terms already used, saying there had been already inflicted upon Nestorius a judgment *Canonical* (that is "according to the Canons") and *Apostolic* (that is, "of the Apostolic See"). Philip, St. Celestine's personal representative and legate, then solemnly recited the Petrine claims as matter familiar to all. The Metropolitan of Ancyra testified that, whatever doubts there might be on the precipitancy of the first session, its justice was confirmed by the fact that it was now seen to be right by an Act of God, since St. Celestine, the Bishop of the Apostolic See, confirmed it.

Next day, July 11th, a third session was held, which was the decisive act so far as the Nestorian heresy, the occasion of the Council, is concerned. The acts of June 22nd, the first session, were read. They were confirmed in the name of the Bishop of Rome by his Legate, who again solemnly proclaimed the Petrine supremacy in full, having it recited first in Latin and then in Greek. The conclusions were then as solemnly ratified by individual signature. The Bishop of Rome's delegates and Legate signed first, on the proposition of St. Cyril; and the

Emperor was informed that the "whole world was agreed": which was true, save for the dozen of Nestorius's small personal train and John of Antioch's dissidents—now dwindled to 34.

It remained only to wind up the Council. On the 16th of July a fourth session protested against John of Antioch's action; on the 17th, a fifth suspended and excommunicated him and his followers; a sixth dealt with minor points, and a seventh and last, on July 31st concluded the Council as the action of the Bishops of universal Christendom.

But the Emperor was not satisfied. He was a good Christian, even pious (and has therefore been presented as incapable), but he was Ruler at Constantinople, and Nestorius was his official bishop, whom he had specially chosen for the See of his Imperial Capital. The Emperor was offended at so heavy and complete a condemnation. He arrested the chief disputants and (apparently) tried to impose a complete agreement, including all dissidents; even the Patriarch of Constantinople, against whom the whole action had moved.

The idea was fantastic and broke down. He was compelled to release both Nestorius and the Catholic leaders, and, at some date early in October 431, finally to confirm and dismiss the assembly. The Council of Ephesus was at an end.

Such is, briefly but in accurate detail, the story of the event with every salient fact mentioned, I think, and all general proportions observed. The facts remain the same for history, whether the narrator is in favour of the Catholics or of their opponent, or has a sceptical contempt for both.[1]

And those facts lie on there main lines: (1) The

[1] The original contemporary authority for these undisputed facts are to be found in the Letters of St. Celestine (Migne, P. L. 50: 438-464); Labbé's "Concilia," III; St. Cyril's Letters, Migne, P. G. 77; to which I refer the reader.

sharply defined finality and conclusive character of the Council's decision. (2) The unanimous character of that decision: nine-tenths of Christendom condemning Nestorianism and the other tenth not supporting it. (3) The explicit statement and universal acceptation as a matter of course of the Primacy and Supremacy of the Apostolic See.

Now let us cite the sentences in which Gibbon distorts that narrative, inverts its order, grotesquely misstates its values, suppresses essentials, directly contradicts the evidence, and, in general, exhibits his peculiar genius for falsifying history to the prejudice of truth.

These significant sentences are all in Gibbon's 47th Chapter, and (with the omission of passages irrelevant to my analysis of his false history) they run as follows :—

GIBBON'S VERSION.

(*Explanatory additional words, not in the original, are given in square brackets*).

His [Nestorius'] ears were offended with the recent title of Mother of God,[1] which had been insensibly adopted since the origin of the Arian controversy . . . . After a short correspondence in which the rival prelates [St. Cyril and Nestorius] disguised their hatred in the hollow language of respect and charity . . . . the Patriarch of Alexandria [St. Cyril] denounced to Prince and People, to the East and to the West, the damnable errors of the Byzantine Pontiff . . . . The Vatican received with open arms the messengers of Egypt. The vanity of Celestine was flattered by the appeal; and the partial version of a monk decided the faith of the Pope, who, with his Latin clergy, was ignorant of the language . . . . and the theology of the Greeks. At the head of an Italian Synod Celestine weighed the merits of the case, condemned the sentiments and person of Nestorius, degraded the heretic from his episcopal dignity, allowed a respite of ten

[1] The orthodox testimonies are produced by Cyril and Petasius; but the veracity of the Saint is questionable, and the epithet of θεοτοκος so easily slides from the margin to the text of a Catholic MS. [Gibbon's Note].

days for recantation and penance, and delegated to his enemy [St. Cyril] the execution of this rash and illegal sentence . . . . Yet neither the Emperor nor the Primate of the East were disposed to obey the Mandate of an Italian Priest, and a synod of the Catholic, or rather of the Greek, church was unanimously demanded . . . . Cyril [was] disobedient to the letter, or at least the meaning, of the royal summons, he was attended by 50 Egyptian bishops . . . . and the people [of Ephesus] zealously asserted the honour of the Virgin, whose body reposed within the walls of Ephesus[1] . . . . but [Cyril] foresaw and dreaded the opposition of John of Antioch, who was advancing by slow stages from the distant capital of the East.[2]

Impatient of a delay which he stigmatised as voluntary and culpable, Cyril announced the opening of the synod, 16 days after the festival of Pentecost . . . . Candidian, in the Emperor's name, requested a delay of four days . . . . the profane Magistrate was driven with outrage from the assembly of the saints. The whole of this momentous transaction [the first session, with its unanimous condemnation of Nestorius by the 198 Bishops, as above] was crowded within the compass of a summer's day . . . . on the fifth day the triumph was clouded by the arrival . . . . of the Eastern Bishops . . . . During a busy period of three months the Emperor tried every method . . . . to reconcile this ecclesiastical quarrel . . . . but the Orientals refused to yield, and the Catholics, proud of their numbers and of their Latin allies, rejected all terms of union or toleration. The . . . . meek Theodosius . . . . dissolved in anger the episcopal tumult which, at the distance of 13 centuries, assumes the venerable aspect of the third Œcumenical Council.

There is the gist of Gibbon's statement on the first Council of Ephesus, and any reader may consult his 47th chapter to discover whether I have omitted anything material to my analysis of his false history.

Let us now tabulate the historical statements direct and implied in this passage, putting them in order of subject and importance.

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[1] The Christians of the first four centuries were ignorant of the death and burial of Mary. [Gibbon's Note].

[2] Civil or ecclesiastical business detained the Bishop at Antioch till the 18th of May. Ephesus was at the distance of 30 days' journey, and ten days may be finally allowed for accidents and repose. [Gibbon's Note].

I need not delay upon two unimportant points: the calling of the Pope's court "the Vatican" and the "13 centuries" it took to make Ephesus regarded as an Œcumenical Council. The first is but ignorance or forgetfulness in a mere topographical detail—the Pope did not act from the Vatican, to our knowledge, at all in 431. He *may* have had some private residence there as early. We do not certainly know him to have had a house there (let alone a court!) till a lifetime later. The second, though malicious, cannot be calculated to deceive any but the most grossly ignorant reader and is rather a rhetorical flourish. Gibbon was writing rather more than 13 centuries after Ephesus; but the whole world knows that Ephesus has been given the authority of an Œcumenical Council—the third—from the earliest times.

Of more importance, as an example of one of Gibbon's most characteristic tricks in false suggestion, yet hardly sufficient to enter my analysis here, is the decisive and characteristic word "of" in relation to Our Lady's death-place. Gibbon, in his footnote, tells us that the Christians "of" the first four centuries were ignorant of Our Lady's death and burial—the implication being that Our Lady was so unimportant in the eyes of the Church, from Gospel times onwards, that no one troubled to know what became of her, and that the later reverence shown her was of mythical growth. The right historical word is not "of" but "after"—and it makes all the difference. It is perfectly true that, *after* this long lapse of over 300 years, traditions of Our Lady's residence and death had grown confused and even contradictory—one going back to Ephesus, the other to Jerusalem—and that one documentary authority says (*circa* 400-420): "We cannot be sure—we know nothing." But that Our Lady was the object of high reverence, and a subject therefore of true tradition as well as legend, at least as early as the century after that of the Crucifixion, and

an object presumably from the outset of Christian invocation, the Apocryphal Gospels are ample witness. Gibbon's false statement here is as though a man were to say to-day, wishing to throw doubt on the site of Edward III's crossing the Somme before Crécy, "The local people *of* (not "*after*") the next five centuries knew nothing of the place."

But these are minor points, as I have said. The statements I am about to examine are much more grave. They fall under four main heads: four main historical pronouncements conveyed by Gibbon to his readers.

They are:—

I. The statement by implication that the full doctrine of the Incarnation was an innovation. This is supported by

A. The direct statements that the term "Mother of God," "θεοτοκος," as applied to the Blessed Virgin,

(1)..... (*a*) Originated with the Arian controversy, and was therefore "recent."

(2)..... (*b*) "Insensibly" grew up.

(*c*) Is not supported by the testimonies St. Cyril quotes, because

(3)..... (1) He is not trustworthy.

(4)..... (2) Catholics interpolate words from the margin into the text of documents.

II. The statement by implication that the Council of Ephesus was without moral authority: this is supported by the direct statements:

A. That St. Cyril acted unjustly

(5)..... (*a*) by bringing an undue quota of bishops, thus disobeying the Imperial writ;

(6)..... (*b*) by opening the Council prematurely, thus cheating the Antiochenes of their vote,

(7)..... (*c*) and disobeying the Imperial officer.

B. That the decision against Nestorius was

(8)..... (*a*) hurried over in one day, and so imperfectly settled;

(9)..... (*b*) summoned as a partial Council, Greek rather than Œcumenical;

(10)..... (*c*) a mere tumult of opposing factions;

(11)..... (*d*) therefore dismissed by the Emperor as hopeless.

III. The statement by implication that the See of Rome was filled and served by incompetents: and this is supported by:

A. The direct statements that the Bishop of Rome

(12)..... (*a*) could not read Greek;

(13)..... (*b*) nor any of his clergy;

(14)..... (*c*) nor understand a theological discussion among Greek-speaking Christians;

(15)..... (*d*) Decides a matter of the first moment on the version of one monk, and that garbled;

(16)..... (*e*) First deposed Nestorius as a heretic and then gave him ten days to recant.

IV. The statement by implication that the See of Rome held no special Primacy in A.D. 429-31, and this supported by :

(17)..... A. The direct statement that St. Cyril—*i.e.*, Alexandria—took the initiative and that Rome followed.

(18)..... B. That the Bishop of Rome, St. Celestine, acts not through his claim to authority, but from vanity.

(19)..... C. The deliberate omission of the most striking of all the scenes at the Council: *i.e.* the solemn recital and acceptation of Roman Supremacy.

C. That the Bishop of Rome is regarded at Constantinople and in the East as no more than any other.

(20)..... (*a*) Being in the eyes of the Emperor and Nestorius but " an Italian Priest " ;

(21)..... (*b*) In the eyes of St. Cyril's party mere " Latin allies."

Here, then, are, in a brief half-dozen pages, on one of the capital events of our European history, twenty-one definite historical statements. Every one of the twenty-one is unhistorical, the majority directly contrary to the truth.

To prove this, I will take each point in the order, not of importance, but of numeration, and discuss each, with references, in a second article.

H. Belloc.

BERNARD SHAW ON SAINT JOAN[1]

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

IT is said that Mr. Bernard Shaw in a mischievous mood, when asked why he had selected Joan of Arc for the heroine of his latest play, replied: "To save her from Drinkwater." Certainly, in comparison with the last-named gentleman's Mary Stuart, the Maid is to be congratulated on her champion; for *Saint Joan*, beyond question, is a very great drama. There may, no doubt, be many who will find that what Mr. Shaw himself calls the "comedy" of its epilogue strikes a jarring note after the deep pathos of the tragedy which precedes. It is almost as if the playwright had felt ashamed of having betrayed more feeling than is his wont and had laughed it off with a jest, making believe that if his eyes were moist it was merely because he was tickled to death by the irony of fate. There may also be Catholics who will object—and, as I hope to show later on, not without good reason—that Saint Joan's attitude to the Church has been misinterpreted. Again there are others to whom Mr. Shaw's vindication of inquisitorial procedure will appear to be only a paradoxical piece of drollery, prompted by the delight he experiences in running pins into every form of conventional prejudice. But when all is said, it is a great play—by common consent the best piece of dramatic work the author has yet produced.

Moreover no honest student of history will hesitate to admit that a normal Protestant audience, after witnessing Mr. Shaw's presentment of the Maid's tragic fate, will go away with far saner conceptions of the medieval world than they possessed before. Never have the principles and procedure of that British bugbear,

[1] *Saint Joan: a Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue.* By Bernard Shaw (London: Constable. 1924. 6*s*. net)

the Inquisition, been set out by a non-Catholic in a more temperate, one might almost say, a more favourable, light. Naturally Mr. Shaw, avowed free-thinker as he is, does not adopt the view of his heroine which is emphasized in the papal bull of canonization. She is not in his eyes a Saint who practised all the virtues in a heroic degree and at whose instance God on occasion has suspended the ordinary physical laws of the universe. Mr. Shaw's Joan is a high-minded, pure-hearted, natural genius with an unusual power of "visualization." But there is no word of intentional disparagement, no shadow of a sneer, no patronising tone even. If Joan is presented as an unconscious martyr to the fundamental principle of Protestantism, that is only because Mr. Shaw himself reverences the private judgment of persons of genius as inevitably the supreme and ultimate force in the evolution of the world as he conceives it. We need not adopt his point of view, but we may respect his sincerity and his good intentions.

Apart from a few relatively unimportant matters of detail which might be criticised as historically inexact, there are two novel points which are of the very essence of the play and which are defended at some length in its preface. The first is that Joan had a fair and a considerate trial in accordance with the ecclesiastical code then received. The second that she was inevitably, but most reluctantly, sentenced by her judges, because in regard of her "voices" she adhered steadfastly to the principle of private judgment which was in conflict with the attitude of simple obedience exacted by the Church.

With regard to the first of these contentions I may frankly confess that I think there is something to be said in favour of Mr. Shaw's view. The matter is not clear and probably never will be clear, but there really does not seem sufficient ground for regarding Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, as the thorough-going and unprincipled scoundrel who is set before us in nearly all

the Catholic histories of Saint Joan. Between the the Armagnacs (the Nationalist party of Charles the Dauphin) and the Burgundians who were allied with the English King, feeling ran very high. It is Joan herself who tells us that in her own native hamlet of Domrémy the boys used to come home covered with blood, because they had been fighting with the boys of a neighbouring village who took the Burgundian side. Once passion and bitter resentment have been engendered, there is no limit to the blindness of the prejudice which may follow in their train. As experience constantly proves, the bare fact that the combatants belong to the same race and have every motive for treating each other with forbearance is powerless against the fury of political faction when once the vendetta stage has been reached. Under these conditions the combatants of either party, even those who are better educated, are prepared to believe that their antagonists are capable of every depth of villainy. The simple fact that they belong to the opposing party creates a presumption of guilt whatever the charge may be.[1] Thus there was every reason why Cauchon and Lemaître, the Inquisitor, should honestly be persuaded that Joan, who openly defied convention in her male attire and who certainly seemed to prevaricate about her voices,[2] was either a conscious impostor or a victim of dangerous and diabolical illusions. On the

[1] The saintly characters in France were not all upon the nationalist side, though modern French historians are apt to assume, quite unwarrantably, that this must have been the case. A conspicuous example to the contrary is that of Pey (Pierre) Berland, Archbishop of Bordeaux from 1430 to 1457. To the end of his days he remained the devoted friend of the English, and he was on this account, practically forced to resign his See when Charles VII finally made himself master of Guienne. Pey was not only holy, mortified and intensely charitable in his private life, but he was a man of enlightened ideas. He was the founder and first Chancellor of the University of Bordeaux. The process of his canonization was opened by Pius II only a few years after his death, and the cause was revived by Cardinal Donnet, one of his successors in the See of Bordeaux, in 1879.

[2] To this day St. Joan's most ardent champions are not agreed as to what she meant by the angel whom, as she declared, the Dauphin and others saw, and as to the golden crown of infinite value which he brought with him. See Quicherat *Procès*, I., 121, 126, 139-146.

other hand when the English had been finally defeated and the Maid's prophecies had come true, when Cauchon was dead and all were eager to dissociate themselves from any sympathy with his proceedings, there was nothing too bad to say or to believe concerning the Bishop of Beauvais. Mr. Shaw, no doubt, goes too far in describing the Rehabilitation trial simply as "a corrupt job," but I do not much believe in the trustworthiness of testimony given 25 years after the event at a time when every circumstance conspired to bias the witnesses in favour of a particular story. To quote the contention of the preface before us :—

> All that can be said for their assumption that Cauchon was a vulgar villain, and that the questions put to Joan were traps is that it has the support of the inquiry which rehabilitated her twenty-five years later. But this rehabilitation was as corrupt as the contrary proceeding applied to Cromwell by our Restoration reactionaries. Cauchon had been dug up and his body thrown into the common sewer. Nothing was easier than to accuse him of cozenage, and declare the whole trial void on that account. That was what everybody wanted, from Charles the Victorious, whose credit was bound up with the Maid's, to the patriotic Nationalist populace, who idolized Joan's memory. The English were gone ; and a verdict in their favour would have been an outrage on the throne and on the patriotism which Joan had set on foot.

Mr. Shaw's own view, reiterated in varying terms, is that :—

> The tribunal [by which the Maid was sentenced] was not only honest and legal but exceptionally merciful in respect of sparing Joan the torture which was customary when she was obdurate as to taking the oath, and that Cauchon was far more self-disciplined and conscientious both as priest and lawyer than any English judge ever dreams of being in a political case in which his party and class prejudices are involved.

All the same, although there does not seem to be much which can be proved against Cauchon apart from the allegations of the witnesses in the rehabilitation process, still there is one circumstance in the case which suggests rather ugly inferences. At the end of the

procès de condamnation, a supplement is appended which purports to be the record of a meeting, held a week after Joan's death, and attended by the judges and seven other prominent assessors at the trial. In printing this supplement Quicherat accompanied it with a statement in these terms :—

> The pieces which follow are written in the same hand as the rest of the proceedings, but they are no longer authenticated by the signature which up to this is inscribed at the bottom of each leaf of the manuscript. It will be seen in the course of the second process that the registrars (*greffiers*) refused to confirm them by a formal attestation.[1]

Now this supplement professes to contain the sworn depositions of the seven assessors above referred to, all testifying in general that they had visited Joan in prison on the morning of her execution and had heard her explicitly disavow any further belief in her "voices" seeing that they had deceived her regarding the promised rescue from prison and death. She accordingly stated that she was willing to accept the decision of the *gens d'église* as to whether the spirits she had heard and seen were evil spirits. Loyseleur, one of the seven, even goes so far as to declare that Joan promised to disavow her "voices" publicly from the scaffold. No witness of the scene in the Vieux Marché suggests that any public retractation of this sort was actually made. On the contrary Ladvenu and Manchon expressly deposed that to the very last she maintained that her voices were from God.[2] Others also professed to have heard her invoking St. Michael and St. Catherine in those last agonising moments.

If Ladvenu on the morning of the execution had really played the part in Joan's cell which is attributed

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[1] Quicherat, *Procès*, I, p. 477.

[2] Ladvenu : "Usque ad finem vitæ suæ manutenuit quod voces quas habuerat erant a Deo" (Quicherat, *Procès*, III, 170). Manchon : "Nec unquam voluit revocare suas revelationes, sed in eisdem stetit usque ad finem" (Quicherat, III, 150). Both these were standing near when the fire was lighted.

to him in the supplement, it is impossible to acquit him of gross perjury when he gave his evidence for her rehabilitation. For he is the very man who, when he held the Host in his hand before giving her Communion, is stated to have asked whether she still believed in her voices. To which she is supposed to have replied: "I believe in God alone, and I will place no more trust in these voices since they have deceived me." It was also Ladvenu who held up the church cross before Joan's dying eyes, and the rôle attributed to him in Mr. Shaw's play is in every way a creditable one.

There is, therefore, as it seems to me, the gravest reason to suspect the good faith of this supplement to the process. It says exactly what the judges for the last four months had been trying to induce Joan to admit—quite unsuccessfully, so far as we can learn from the properly authenticated records. But now that she was dead, on the very day following the supposed meeting of the two judges and the seven witnesses, the announcement that the Maid at the last had confessed that "her voices were evil and lying spirits" was despatched in the name of the King of England to royal personages and bishops all over Europe. A week or two later the same information was sent by the University of Paris to the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome. All this looks very suspicious, and it is impossible to believe that if this was an attempt to fabricate false evidence the crime can be laid at the door of any one else but Cauchon. In any case we have the awkward fact that Manchon, the *greffier*, declared in the rehabilitation process that the Bishop after the death of Joan had required him to attest evidence he had not himself heard given, and that he had refused. This cannot have been altogether an invention, for the alleged depositions of the seven witnesses are preserved with the other documents of the process, distinguished from all the rest by the absence of the customary authentication. I don't quite see how

in the face of this circumstance Mr. Shaw can say that there is no evidence of malpractices on Cauchon's part.

The friends of Joan, however, need not be over-much distressed because Mr. Shaw has given the Bishop of Beauvais a better character than the historical facts may seem to warrant. A much more serious matter is his allegation that St. Joan ought really to be counted as a Protestant martyr, having been condemned to death on account of her unconscious championship of the principle of private judgment. I am afraid that the Church presided over lately by Pope Benedict XV and now by Pius XI cannot lay claim to quite that large measure of adaptability for which Mr. Shaw commends her. After asking: "How did the Church get over the verdict at the first trial when it canonized Joan five hundred years later?" he replies:—

> Easily enough. In the Catholic Church, far more than in law, there is no wrong without a remedy. It does not defer to Joanesque private judgment as such, the supremacy of private judgment for the individual being the quintessence of Protestantism; nevertheless it finds a place for private judgment *in excelsis* by admitting that the highest wisdom may come as a divine revelation to an individual. On sufficient evidence it will declare that individual a saint . . . . It is therefore by no means impossible for a person to be excommunicated as a heretic, and on further consideration canonized as a saint. Excommunication by a provincial ecclesiastical court is not one of the acts for which the Church claims infallibility.

And having mentioned infallibility Mr. Shaw finds the temptation irresistible to let himself go in a vein of characteristic and delightful paradox.

> Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous dogma of Papal infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible judges, and our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God, asking only that as to certain historical matters, on which he has clearly more sources of information open to him than anyone else, his decision shall be taken as final.

But to return to Joan's attitude towards her judges, Mr. Shaw insists that for her the supreme law was her conviction that God spoke to her through her voices. She always appealed to Him and never to the Church. Both in his preface and in the play our author presses this point more than once. For example :—

> Joan delighted in the solaces the Church offers to sensitive souls : to her confession and communion were luxuries beside which the vulgar pleasures of the senses were trash. Her prayers were wonderful conversations with her three saints. Her piety seemed superhuman to the formally dutiful people whose religion was only a task to them. But when the Church was not offering her her favourite luxuries, but calling on her to accept its interpretation of God's will and to sacrifice her own, she flatly refused, and made it clear that her notion of a Catholic Church was one in which the Pope was Pope Joan. How could the Church tolerate that ?

This is frankly the Maid's attitude in the play. For example, Mr. Shaw (on p. 83) makes her say : " In case the Church should bid me do anything contrary to the command I have from God, I will not consent to it, no matter what it may be." And when the supposition is pressed that the Church Militant may pronounce her revelations and visions to be of diabolical origin, Joan insists that " God must be served first."

> *Cauchon.* And you, and not the Church, are to be the judge ?
> *Joan.* What other judgment can I judge by but my own ?

There is nothing, to my thinking, in the recorded utterances of the Maid, which implies such an attitude as this. If proof had been forthcoming that she surrendered herself unconditionally to the guidance of her voices, rejecting the authority of a properly constituted ecclesiastical tribunal, she would certainly never have been canonized. But that was not the spirit which animated her. She was a simple country lass with a big heart, sound common sense, and intense devotional feeling But she had no book-learning and the very minimum of religious instruction. As she herself, poor

girl, pleaded with unconscious pathos, she understood nothing of theological distinctions between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant. She had never even heard of the rival jurisdictions of the three claimants to the Papacy. She found herself weary, ill-nourished, robbed for many months of the open air life to which she had been accustomed, limp and sore from the wearing of her fetters, but yet badgered and brow-beaten by a crowd of ecclesiastics who at times scolded her rudely and were obviously trying to ensnare her by their questions. Was this the CHURCH that she was up against? They *said* they represented the Church. They all wore prelates' robes or religious habits, but the only thing the poor girl could be quite sure of concerning them was that they were politically of the party of her foes, that they kept her in cruel confinement and seemed to disbelieve every word she uttered. Lemaître might inform her that he was the deputy of the Inquisitor-General of France, and that the Inquisition was vested with the full powers of the Apostolic See; but how could she tell that he was not lying? He might offer to show her his commission duly signed and sealed, but how would that help her when she could not read? Surely we may pardon her, if under such circumstances the very word Church seemed only a trap. What she saw before her was an assembly quite different from any idea she had ever associated with the term. It may quite possibly be true that she deliberately avoided all reference to it, and was content to repeat over and over again her sad formula: "Je m'en actend à nostre Seigneur."

What would be the feeling of any one of us who, being tried for his life and exhorted to "put himself upon God and his country," looked up and found only a group of scowling faces representing every nation under heaven except his own? Would he not decide that if these stood for his country, he would have nothing to

say to the second part of the formula? Could such a man be justly charged with being a renegade and no true Briton? I fancy that Joan's case was very similar. There is something deeply pathetic about one of Joan's answers which sums up her whole attitude.

> To the first article Joan replies that she truly believes that our Lord the Pope of Rome and the bishops and other ecclesiastics are here to preserve the Catholic faith and to punish those who fall away from it; but so far as concerns herself and her acts, she will only submit herself to the Church in heaven, that is to say, to God, our Blessed Lady and the saints of paradise. And she firmly believes that she has never fallen away from the faith, and she has no thought of falling away.[1]

Surely this is not to be construed as the stiff-necked obstinacy of one who has made private judgment her rule of life.

The fundamental idea of Joan's attitude was, in fact, this: that she contested the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which she was arraigned. Very possibly she did not know how to put her objection into words, or she may have been warned by one of her advisers that this might prove a dangerous line of defence. She does not therefore explicitly state her difficulty, though in the most solemn session of the whole trial, that of May 24th, she boldly demanded: "Let the report of all that I have said and done be sent to Rome to our Holy Father the Pope, to whom, and to God first of all, I appeal."[2] But her common sense must have told her that she was being judged by a tribunal of enemies who did not and could not see her acts except through the coloured glasses of intense political antagonism.

There is also one other consideration which Mr. Shaw, if I mistake not, has entirely ignored. Joan's voices and conduct had already formed the subject of an inquiry by an ecclesiastical commission at Poitiers, and they after three weeks' deliberation had replied that they found no fault in her. There were bishops and prelates of

[1] Quicherat, I, 205. [2] Quicherat, I, 445.

high rank on the commission. How could an ignorant girl like Joan decide which assembly had the better right to pronounce in the name of the Church Universal? All that she knew was that the party in whose hands she now found herself seemed to be plotting her ruin and might be deceiving her, whereas the others were her friends. The proceedings of the Poitiers inquiry[1] are unfortunately lost, but we have a summary of its conclusions and curiously enough she is there styled in one passage "the Maid whom we piously believe to be the angel of the God of armies."[2] In Joan's idea it was the Church which had so pronounced, and which had also declared that, "as far as human infirmity can discern, the Maid's works are of God." Again in May, 1429, a very eminent prelate on the French side, Jacques Gelu, previously Archbishop of Tours and then Archbishop of Embrun, delivered a carefully considered judgment about the case, which is the more weighty because he had at first been shocked by her masculine attire, but after speaking appreciatively of the Maid's whole conduct he decides in her favour.

> As for her wearing male attire, she is abundantly excused by the fact that the work for which she has been sent requires it. She must also live in the midst of men, for it is their business to execute the arduous works for which she was sent. None the less she, as a soldier among soldiers, lives cleanly, modestly and becomingly, doing nothing which is unbefitting a virgin maid. This at least is what we have been told, and the whole circumstances being duly weighed, we piously believe it.[3]

Now Joan is sure to have been informed of these favourable opinions. But when she is confronted by another set of examiners, unmistakably hostile, who lay down the exact contrary to the decisions previously arrived at, what else can the poor girl feel but utter

[1] Joan many times appeals to them: Quicherat, I, 72-73, 94, 119, 121, 171, etc,

[2] Quicherat, III, 391. This seems to have some connexion with what the Maid recounted about the Angel who came to the Dauphin.

[3] Quicherat, III, 407.

bewilderment? Thus she could only, under God, cling to her voices as the one stable guide that was left to her. There is not one word in all her story which would lead us to believe that if an ecclesiastical tribunal, which she saw to be authoritative and impartial, had condemned her voices she would not humbly have made her submission.

If this paper did not threaten to exceed due bounds, there are many admirable passages in Mr. Shaw's book that one would like to quote. There are also a few details I am tempted to criticize. One I will mention, because the error, as I hold it to be, is very widespread. Mr. Shaw renders *carcer perpetuus*, to which Joan was sentenced after her recantation, as "life-long prison." This is, undoubtedly, the natural and obvious translation; but the phrase, I submit, is shown by sundry Inquisition records to mean simply a permanent prison as opposed to the make-shift buildings which were casually employed for the purpose. The sentence imposed confinement in a public gaol of which there were a few belonging to the Inquisition, and determined nothing as to the length of the incarceration.

On the whole question of toleration, or rather of intolerance, Mr. Shaw says many excellent things. We have room only for one. Speaking of the Church's action in condemning false doctrine before any trouble has come from it, he says:—

> It is easy to say that the Church should have waited for the alleged evil results instead of assuming that they would occur and what they would be. That sounds simple enough; but if a modern Public Health Authority were to leave people entirely to their own devices in the matter of sanitation saying, "We have nothing to do with drainage or your views about drainage; but if you catch smallpox or typhus we will prosecute you and have you punished very severely" . . . . it would either be removed to the County Asylum, or reminded that A's neglect of sanitation may kill the child of B two miles off, or start an epidemic in which the most conscientious sanitarians may perish.

Not less stimulating are Mr. Shaw's utterances in the section of his preface which he entitles "The Modern Education which Joan escaped," though he can hardly have been aware that in his reference to M. Pasteur he was taking in vain the name of a famous scientist who was also an excellent Catholic.

> If Joan were reborn to-day she would be sent, first to a convent school in which she would be mildly taught to connect inspiration and conscience with St. Catherine and St. Michael exactly as she was in the fifteenth century, and then finished up with a very energetic training in the gospel of Saints Louis Pasteur and Paul Bert, who would tell her (possibly in visions but more probably in pamphlets) not to be a superstitious little fool, and to empty out St. Catherine and the rest of the Catholic hagiology as an obsolete iconography of exploded myths. It would be rubbed into her that Galileo was a martyr, and his persecutors incorrigible ignoramuses, and that St. Theresa's hormones had gone astray and left her incurably hyperpituitary or hyperadrenal or hysteroid or epileptoid or anything but asteroid.

Between these conflicting conceptions our author indicates clearly his preference for the former: at any rate he manifests scant respect for

> our credulities that have not the excuse of being superstitions, our cruelities that have not the excuse of barbarism, our persecutions that have not the excuse of religious faith, our shameless substitution of successful swindlers and scoundrels and quacks for saints as objects of worship, and our deafness and blindness to the calls and visions of the inexorable power that made us and will destroy us if we disregard it.

Taking it all in all, even if there are sundry opinions expressed by Mr. Shaw in *Saint Joan* which a Catholic cannot subscribe to, it seems to me to be a book which in the removing of prejudice and in supplying food for honest reflection will do immensely more good than harm to that general public for which it is ostensibly written.

HERBERT THURSTON.

LEON BLOY

BY SHANE LESLIE, M.A.

THERE died, a little after the close of the Great War, in Paris one Léon Bloy, who with much valiant virulence combined the lives of the mediaeval mystic and the modern journalist. He had seen visions of the celestial hills, and he lodged with his fellow pilgrims Verlaine and Huysmans in the Street of the Seven Deadly Sins. He wrote entirely about God when not writing about himself,[1] and sometimes he hardly distinguished sufficiently between the importance of the two. His autobiographical novels and his Diaries were intense presentments of his own fate and mission. He wrote a lyrical masterpiece about Napoleon, it is true—but Napoleon he envisaged mystically as "the Face of God in the darkness." The soul of his mother was Spanish,[2] and he realised the Dark Night of the Soul in *Le Désespéré*, the terrible novel in which he haunts himself under the name of Mary-Joseph-Cain Marchenoir. "His father heaped him with the name of Cain to the inexpressible terror of his mother who hastily baptised him Mary and Joseph." His life was one of intense poverty, illumined by viperous flashes with which his genius rebuked the wordly and religious society about him. Catholics found the chastisement of his love scorpionic. He did not begin to write until he was in his fortieth year, and then, like a Nietzsche turned hermit, he lashed the enemies of religion. He hurled the scatology of the Old Testament against the

[1] As an excuse he wrote in his Diary: "An exaction is made of me that is made of nobody else. They insist that I should always write about Leon Bloy."

[2] We may trace the Spanish touch in a celebrated comparison he made, comparing the soul within him to an "imprisoned Infanta appearing at the windows of a burning Escorial." (*La Femme Pauvre*).

new naturalism. "If Zola[1] killed his thousands Leon Bloy killed his ten thousand," wrote Stanislas Fumet. And incidentally he achieved style[2] in French, the only personal and pliant perfection of style among modern French Catholics. Even if he were a beggar on horseback, he insisted that "splendour of style is not a luxury but a necessity." Huysmans, whom he lacerated, had no style. Huysmans was a Dutch mystic gothicising with Latin materials. Zola's *Fécondité* Bloy mocked for its heavy mediocrity and total lack of that divine breath of some God without which there can be no style nor work of genius. "Nobody will ever read *Fécondité* again," wrote Adolphe Retté; "*Je m' accuse* will remain." (Bloy's parody).

It was Louis Gatumeau who wrote of Bloy:

Marchenoir the Grand Inquisitor of literature marches proudly under the laughter of hate, wrapped in the dazzling beggary of a dream. He has two terrible eyes, and pious blasphemy sits on his lips. He has a candid soul hungry for purity. He becomes familiar with the Constellations and with none less. One can guess how impatient he is with any other promiscuousness. Nobody is likely to range his primitive soul under a banner. Salute one who salutes no one. He is the sublime Justiciary who wields prayer and scourge at the soiled threshold of the Church.

Throughout his books, amid the plethora of hate[3]

[1] For Zola he was less controlled than usual in his Diary. "Sept. 29, Saint Michael. Death of Zola. The news of this happy event was brought to me by a neighbour who happened to be near the pig market. *Divina virtute in infernum detrude.* The sacrilegious scoundrel was not able to drub his Fourth Gospel. Someone had had enough." And he turned furiously upon Catholics like Huysmans and Coppée who talked in the papers of death bringing a purification, etc.

[2] We may as well adopt his own description of his style, which he compared to the art of the illuminator: "The violent colour of the writer, his carefully alembicated barbarism, his whirling insistence, his obstinate revolution upon certain cruel similes circling undeviatingly on themselves like the convolvulus, the unheard-of daring of forms as numerous as a horde and, in spite of their heavy armour, as quick; the controlled tumult of a vocabulary crested with flames and cinders like Vesuvius during the last days of Pompeii, swept with gold, incrusted, crenelated and filigreed with old gems like the shrine of a Martyr." (*La Femme Pauvre*).

[3] "When I maltreat fellow-Catholics it is simply because their cowardice or stupidity rouses the Catholic sense in me." All counter-criticism he classed as the "excremental anathemas of envy." (*Belluaires et Porchers*).

and insult, tortuous metaphors and long paradoxical parallels, certain passages leap forth which must be accounted among the most beautiful and passionate in modern Catholic prose. They touch ecstasy more often than piety. They are sometimes sublime but seldom charitable. They are not religious peace and sunshine, but flashes in the Sinaitic storm. Read the chapter in *Celle qui pleure* called *Le Paradis* for his most exquisite Mariolatry, or the description of the Last Day in *Le Sang du Pauvre* of which Adolphe Retté writes: "There is nothing more beautiful in Catholic Literature." Read the novels of lyrical autobiography for the description of Marchenoir as the pilgrim to the Holy Sepulture[1] in *Le Désesperé*, or in *La Femme Pauvre* the account of Clothilde's ecstasy when she confounds a real outbreak of fire with the divine love in her heart. And then read the cameoed irony with which he compares the modest marriage of Joseph and Mary with one of the great fashionable weddings of the day in Paris.

Bloy had no doubt as to his own genius, which he found was as complete in its sphere as that of Beethoven or Michael Angelo, while modestly recognising that neither he nor they were more responsible for their superhuman powers than a woman is for her beauty. "I am alone of my kind. I am alone in God's antechamber." Literature he made a joy to his readers but a torture to himself. He gave so much; he received so little in return. The very strength and beauty of his style hindered him from enjoying the heights of contemplation available to a religious life. It anchored him in the valley of tears at the foot of the mountain of expiation. He entered the solitude of those who weep. "The nearer, to God the lonelier," he wrote and in assertion of his independence; "I belong to no person unless it be to the Three Persons who are in God."

[1] By way of summarising space he narrates the Heavens beyond imagination "whose sole task is to mark the site of an ancient stone on which Jesus slept for three days."

His poignant thesis was that every sufferer represents the Divine. He himself became hysterical with his own sufferings.[1] He wrote the apologia of Huysmans one minute and lashed him the next. He attacked the Jew, dipping his pen into fantastic squalor. His pictures of the old Jews at Hamburg is like a Rembrandt for its grizzly chiaroscuro. What a painter's touch he gives when he says that "the old Jewish dirt burns like a chalky sediment when touched by the waters of Baptism." But he assailed the Anti-semitism which persecutes the Israel of God. Because the Jew was capable of mounting so high spiritually, his fall was liable to ignobler depth. There was no contradiction in Bloy's sympathy, for he challenged mystically the secular misery of the same Jews in his apocaplyptic pamphlet *Le Salut par les Juifs*, which incidentally he described as the only one of his books he would care to present to God. But to the Anti-Semites he cried aloud that "God made man was a Jew by the excellence of His nature, the Lion of Judah; that His Mother was a Jewess, the flower of the Jewish race; that all his ancestors were Jews; that the Apostles were Jews as well as the Prophets; finally, that our whole sacred liturgy is drawn from Jewish books." Hence, the blasphemy entailed by those anti-semitic writers who give Our Lord the more unforgivable a blow in that He receives it "from the hands of Christians upon the face of His Mother." Bloy held the Jews to their promise that they would be converted when Our Lord came down from the Cross, and mystically and conversely he held their obstinacy kept Him there. It was the same obstinacy which unbladed the sword of chivalry and broke the scimitar of Mohamet as well as the heavy club of the populace.

Remy de Gourmont said that Bloy's books had the appearance of being written by St. Thomas Aquinas collaborating with Gargantua. Rabelaisian ingredients were often shot with paradisal illumination. Yet Philo-

[1] He entered literature, he wrote, "flagellated by the Cherubim with an implacable necessity."

sophy he cursed, root and branch, except such metaphysics as were part of the Divine Science. He had a mission, but he made a mystery rather than a Philosophy out of it. "I know things that nobody knows," he wrote in his Diary, but explained no further. His finest pages were written for or against Pain, Poverty and *Pecunia Diva*. It was as a sinner not as a saint that he wrested from contemporary pessimism the thought that has proved the key to modern anguish. He supported the social order until he conceived it was traitorous to his God. Democracy he loathed, and the National Fête of France he pickled in his corrosive ink as "the apotheosis of the Canaille." He clung to the aristocracy of literature and spat out the mediocre Catholic with the rest of mediocrity.[1] He respected few.

To Baudelaire agonising in penury and half-mad compare Richepin gleaming with glory and gorged with gold . . . . The delectable Paul Bourget, dear preface-writer to baronesses, sits on his little tail and whistles against the great artist Barbey d'Aurevilly lying back formidably in the depth of the skies and effacing him. Flaubert[2] in his turn is picked and bitten to pieces by the insect Maupassant sprung from his magnanimous loins . . . the aquaceous Mendès with blue scales, friend of Judas out of Charity and stoner of adultery out of a spirit of Justice. Dumas the younger who discovered how to replace the Cross by the speculum for the redemption of societies. Alphonse Daudet the Tartarin of the Alps of success for his taking the trouble to be born plagiarist of Dickens. Ernest Renan the scientific wine tub exhaling, in spirals heavenward dreaded by the eagles, the unctuous odour of an exiled soul . . . .

Balzac he overrated, Verlaine he loved, to Huysmans he could not be fair. Hugh Benson and Joergensen he

[1] Even Gautier was sentenced in the unpublished works of Cain Marchenoir as "an oyster inside a pearl"!

[2] Flaubert "substituted the symbol of thought for thought itself," but "his Saint Julian was undertaken, it pleases me to think, in an hour of despair." (*Belluaires et Porchers*).

tasted and sipped. Coppée and Bourget [1] he threw out of his mouth. But Zola he made swallow his vomit.

When Bloy vituperated, he let his spleen glisten with the splendour of unfairness and his mind be overpowered by the power of a phrase. He was surnamed "king of the adjective." Literature for him was Thought in her gala or in her mourning dress. Just as the Liturgy was Literature going to Mass. He revelled in gulfs rather than easy valleys. He saw the action of God in the holocausts of Napoleon, and in his own way conducted a merry, mad and lyrical massacre of his literary contemporaries. He overestimated himself considerably, unless readers are prepared to join the devotees who gave him a modern Messianic value. It was Hello who infused Bloy with the vision of God, but Bloy shouted aloud what Hello only dared to mutter. Bloy was certain that he had found the key to the Scriptures on the simple ground that every word in Holy Writ referred to the Trinity since God could only speak about Himself! The same key he applied to History. "I wish to write the History of the Will of God," stated Marchenoir with that striking precision of the oratorical Discus-thrower, most astounding of his gifts! "He found himself living in Chaos, and he awaited the Paraclete with the words *expectans expectavi* for ever on his lips." His theology as to the reign of the Third Person was as uncertain as deductions about the mystical power of the Jews, but the Church is gentle to her *enfants terribles.* He was pitied, praised—but never condemned. The riddle of the world's mess he attributed to "a sort of Divine Impotence provisionally laid between Mercy and Justice in view of some ineffable recuperation of the Substance dilapidated by Love." Bloy worked out a doctrine of the Communion of Saints which he called the

[1] Bloy dealt with Coppée in his ironical "*Les Dernières Colonnes de l'Eglise.* His book *La Bonne Souffrance* he summed up as "*un lavement rendu.*" Bourget he attacked in the chapter *L'Eunuque* of *Belluaires et Porchers,* describing the walls of Publicity impregnable to men of genius, but falling before the entry of Bourget and the 120 futile elephants carrying his literary baggage.

Mystery of Reversibility, a dogma which glows through a passage in *Le Désespéré.*

Instinctively Bloy associated himself with the outcast, the tortured and the persecuted. In his other novel *La Femme Pauvre*, a poignant story of the life on the streets, he can become lyrical in face of Lazare Druide's picture of the Emperor Andronicus being torn to pieces by the Byzantine mob. "The misery of this eye-picking, sacrilegious parricide is so great and his loneliness so complete that one would believe that he takes to himself, like a Redeemer, the foulness of the destroying mob. So lonely is this monster that he resembles a dying God. His face is filled with blood and orientates to a world of outrage. He drags universal misery like a cloak." To be miserable was to find grace in Bloy's sight.

Nothing was more typical than his suppressed dedication[1] of *Sueur de Sang* to "the defamed memory of Francis Achilles Bazaine, Marshal of the Empire, who bore the sins of France and was condemned by an appalling injustice and by the witness of all the cowards and of all the mutineers whom he had had the feebleness or the generosity not to brand."

In his *Brelan d'excommuniés* he dealt with Barbey d'Aurevilly[2] as *l'enfant terrible*, Ernest Hello[3] as *le fou*, and Verlaine as *le lépreux.* Of Barbey he wrote: "The grim moralist of *Les Diaboliques* only wanted to show that Hell is more terrifying to see through the needle's eye than through wide openings." As for the sadism in his writings, Bloy defined it as "a maddened hunger for the Absolute transferred to the order of the passionate and demanding cruelty as the spice of debauch." Hello's masterpiece he hailed in *L'Homme* and compared him as

[1] Another famous dedication crowns *Belluaires et Porchers*—This book is offered to one of the few survivors of Christianity—To Joseph Florian, propagator of Léon Bloy in Moravia.

[2] Barbey d'Aurevilly on Bloy is quaint—"Léon Bloy is a Cathedral gargoyle vomiting sky-water on the good and the bad."

[3] Bloy could adore a man for a thought or a phrase. Hello once wrote: "Art that thinks of applause abdicates and leaves its crown on the brow of the mob."

a poet to Pascal, as both were more astonishing in their Accent than in their Thought. Both "stoned common sense with comets. *Mais quel spectacle!*" From Hello he snatched and adored the sentence: "Genius is the only form of sorrow which is nowhere pitied, not even amongst women. They love glitter not splendour!" For Verlaine [1] he reserved the height of his ecstatic praise: "It is pretty original to be a Catholic poet at all, but it is more astounding when it is the poet who wrote *Fêtes Galantes.*" And here may we point out a curious temperamental difference in French and English Catholicism. In England conversion is thought so original an act that Catholicism has won a reputation for being akin to cleverness, and it used to be said that without the Catholic spirit no one could be poet. In France all the originals have been writers who have broken away from Catholicism, and Catholicism itself was looked upon as bourgeois and common-place until the reaction began with the wonderful modern school of writers who wrote exquisite verse and yet went to Mass. It was Verlaine's serene excellence that he wrote exquisite poetry to the Virgin when France was under the bilious cloud of Zola.

Léon Bloy's essay on stock commonplaces (*Exégèse des lieux communs*) ranks with his most ironic and forcible writing. In short paragraphs he tore to pieces the idiocy and banality of various popular phrases, notably those that are lacking in any particular religious or mystical meaning. Bloy was not content with shocking the *Bourgeois.*[2] He endeavoured to silence him by showing that his stock sentences can be made to correspond to divine realities and appalling catastrophes. He pointed out that, if it is true that "*rien n'est absolu,*" then Arithmetic becomes exorable and the incontested axioms of geometry uncertain. In fact Einstein's

[1] From Verlaine Bloy took the sentence: "O the roads of the Middle Ages filled with gallows and chapels," and lived on it.

[2] *Bourgeois* in Bloy's synonism of Protestant, Pharisee, Naturalistic Doctor or Scientist, *popular* Catholic writer, French Academician, is critic of Léon Bloy.

abysmal doctrine can be matched out of a bourgeois commonplace! As for the saying that one must lose one's illusions, he remarks that a *Bourgeois* who has not lost his illusions resembles a winged hippopotamus! As for the nonsense about *l'honneur des familles*, he remarks that "a niece of St. Lawrence would never get married and a second cousin once removed of the Good Thief would not get a place under the Government." As for *les affaires sont les affaires*, he ironises "what a pity that the Almighty is not in trade. He also would not have time to think of everything, that banal excuse for doing nothing." At the phrase *l'honnête femme* [1] Bloy becomes indignant: "*L'honnête femme* is the everlasting *bourgeoise* of Bethlehem who refused her hospitality to the Infant Saviour and cast the Mystic Rose to the north wind." Again, under the appeal to trade, he cried: "The Judge will say—I was hungry and you gave me not to eat, and a thousand pork butchers will cry—That is all very well, but Lent did us real injury!" As for the appeal to Science, he pointed out that the hunt for microbes replaced the spirit of the Crusades. In his *Journal d'un Mendiant Ingrat* he proclaimed the modern microbe the most subtle lie of the old enemy in the attempt to prove that all morbid causes are natural instead of spiritual.

The title of *Le Mendiant Ingrat* he gladly accepted from his furious critics, [2] who in time found silence a more effective extinguisher than abuse. He published his Journal as "the ungrateful beggar," to show posterity how "the vanquished of 1870 had been capable of treating a proud writer who had refused to prostitute himself." Alone of French writers he never was afraid to drive his pen into the scar of 1870, if he could thereby draw a wince from his fellow-vanquished. He must have been

[1] A Saint can fall into the mud and a prostitute rise into the light, but neither can become *honnête femme*." (*La Femme Pauvre*).

[2] Bloy was a good hater. He compared an enemy to a wild pig, but with an immediate apology to the dignity of an animal which at least had been the game of Gods!

the only French Catholic to urge Leo the Thirteenth to hurl the Greater Excommunication against his fellow countrymen and place France under Interdict, and even to gloat in imagination over the terrible scene as the Sacraments were withheld from the eighty dioceses of France and that country was brought to her senses, because (and here he leaped hysterically to the other extreme) "it is France who is designated in the Holy Script! France of whom the Holy Ghost has need! France where He walks as in His garden!"

His counsels to France were simple. He offered her the dilemma of Catholicism or Dynamite! He wished to write on her walls at night "*Le Catholicisme ou le pétard.*" Seriously he suggested the following social order:—

One.—The solemn translation of Renan's putrifying remains to a distant ash-heap by a choice company of scavengers.

Two.—Erection of a massive gold Cross on the Eiffel Tower at the expense of the City of Paris.

Three.—Obligation upon the French people to hear Mass every Sunday and to communicate four times a year under pain of death.

Four.—Abolition of Universal Suffrage, etc.

Under apostolic guise he seemed to combine in this manifesto something of the religious Bolshevist and the literary Fascist. True, he was both.

The revival of Latin he espoused as *La Langue de Dieu*, and queried who was the first sot to say that Latin was a dead tongue. His grammar became mystical. "It was a necessity for thirty or forty peoples to be cloistered a thousand years by Implacable Verbs and beneath Gerundives of marble and in Supines of bronze," in order that the day might come "for a unique Imperative to save the world—CRUCIFIGE! . . . Generations and generations had to use Latin in order that at last the Empress

of Dominations might be able to utter her sighs effectively in the *Stabat Mater.*" [1]

As for classical Latin, he considered it only a preparation of the great Sequences written in the Middle Ages. He cried aloud with joy at the thought of " the imbecile and cheerful Horace serving in his profound ignorance the humble masons who would one day build the luminous Basilica of the Breviary."

Bloy lived for heroism and heroes and hero-worship. There was the Christ and Verlaine and little Melanie [2] and Napoleon. His Napoleonic gusto would not let him see what a relief Napoleon's captivity had been to his bleeding country. He only saw Napoleon as the little finger of God, the poet who hewed the nations, the mystical somnambulist whose fortune was his country's misfortune and *vice versa.* But in *L'Ame de Napoléon* Bloy wrote : " God loves this proud man and afflicts him in love without wishing to crush him. God has looked into the liquid blood of massacres, and seen the mirrored face of Napoleon. He loves him as His own image. He cherishes this violent man as He cherishes Apostles, Martyrs and gentlest Confessors."

The legend burnt away the optic nerve in Bloy's imagination. He saw the fantastic visions and colours of one distraught and associating it all with the Absolute. England was the mystical enemy of God. Napoleon was born on an island, was exiled to an island, waged war against an island, and died on an island. May we add that if he had chosen to invade a different island, he might have conquered the island which conquered him. To the English Bloy applies the words of the Prophet :

[1] Bloy almost placed Verlaine among the writers of mediaeval Latin ; " No one has sung the Mother of Jesus since the *Stabat Mater* and the *Quot undis lacrimarum,*" and Verlaine (he protested) suffered at the hands of the bourgeois worse than *la lampadation des Dioclétiens* or the martyrdom of the lamp in a Roman Emperor's garden.

[2] The great event of Bloy's life was Melanie's vision of Our Lady at La Salette —Melanie " who, before she could speak, only saw men across the Blood of Jesus Christ."

"*Tacete et ululate qui habitatis in insula*," [1] Napoleon's decree against England was an "apocalyptic decree. It seems to date from the eve of the General Judgment. Angels and Trumpets are in every square of the sky." When Napoleon spoke of his star, it was because he felt a Hand in his hair and upon his heart and around the confines of his formidable heart, the Hand Divine! His very mistakes were part of his Titanic destiny. Things obeyed him less than men. He was too great ever to enjoy happiness which is a combination of vulgar illusions. Space meant little to him in his striding career. To defend the barricades of Paris he went to Moscow! He was the great sleeper who slept in the Hand of God! the conquering night-walker who only woke to find himself swordless in the moment before he actually appeared before God. Had he known once how to kneel as his conquered knelt, his Star might have led him to Bethlehem. As it was, it led him to St. Helena, where the Mother of Constantine had prepared him a solitary grave without even that Cross of Hope which is the meed of the humblest shipwrecked. In a chapter entitled *La Tiare* Bloy mystically unravelled the clash of Pope and Emperor. He saw in the papal coronation of Napoleon the brazen serpent lifted by Moses towards a dying people! As for Old England, Bloy hated her for her heresy, to say nothing of her anti-Gallic rivalry, "that of an ignoble for a noble people." Napoleon's tragical surrender seemed "the amazing laughter of the God of Armies repenting as at the Deluge for having made man—so great a man—and using his terrible Mercy to humiliate him in the end." But France like a desolate nun had needed a divine visitation, and when Napoleon appeared she knew him with an immense cry of joy. He, who almost always

[1] As another instance of his application of the Vulgate he cried against the Franco-Russian Alliance in the words of Jeremiah—*Ab Aquilone pandetur malum super omnes habitatores terrae.* Time gave these words an apocalyptic significance. His Diaries during the war were full of this spirit of a mystic maddened by cannon fire—"*Dans les Ténèbres*" and "*Au seuil de l'Apocalypse.*"

forgave, was himself never forgiven. At St. Helena he dreamed on, but as in pain, and after his death his dream continued in the heart and imagination of his admirers. Certainly, it took its most vivid resuscitation in Bloy's apocalyptic pamphlet—rather than serious study of the greatest of Emperors.

It seems strange that so ardent a Guelph as Bloy should feel so strongly for Napoleon, but the combination of a great soul and a disastrous death and passion at the close of a life of Titanic achievement was irresistible to him. For similar reasons he attached himself passionately to Christopher Columbus, and in *Le Révélateur du Globe* he argued for his canonisation. He compared the unchristianised Western Hemisphere to the mysterious invisible half of the Moon as it revolved in space unlit by the candelabra of Revelation. There it revolved under a horror of great darkness until Christopher came carrying the Christ across the Atlantic, the divine revealer of the globe, foretold by Isaiah, he who doubled the earth for his fellow men, and by them was made to die out of sheer grief! Columbus "who buried the enthusiasm of charity in his coffin, for only Saints and anti-Saints can delimit History" (*La Femme Pauvre*).

For Bloy all was summed up in Poverty and Love and Mysticism. Philosophy bored him, he said, and Theology flattened him stiff. He had no use for verbal shades and distinctions. He was a fierce mediaeval artist with a palette of blacks and golds, and none of the commonplace colours on the rainbow. To Adolphe Retté he seemed like a Centaur, half-god half-animal, neighing with agony as he galloped madly over the thorns. But as an imaginative interpreter of a scriptural scene he had no equal, as when he minutely divined the feelings of the man blind from birth who opened his eyes and saw with his first glimpse the Son of God!

Le Désespéré is the most worth while reading of Bloy's books; for it is literature as well as frank self-

revelation, and it touches the otherwise untouched passages of life. It is the tale of a man of letters who will not sell his soul in spite of the bondage of poverty. It opens upon the corpse of his father, for whose burial he is trying to collect the necessary sum from literary colleagues. But the men of letters contemn such a "Cimmerian and telescopic object" as Marchenoir and account him "a dolorous fanatic, one of the poor unwashed friends of the Saviour." During sentry work in the War of 1870 he lit upon a New Testament which lit his soul, and "with the black-flowered thorn of revolt he had pierced his hand." His reason and emotion were ever since at war. Twice women had influenced him by their love in his ghastly misery. "Their dead bodies had taught him the dangerous pedagogy of the Abyss." Veronica was the spiritual love of his life. He had taken her from the streets, and instead of fanning men's lust she had become a censer burning herself out before God. From her side he slips into the Grande Chartreuse, which he is magnificently endowed to appreciate. "God is the great Solitary who speaks only to the solitaries and shares his qualities only with those who share His eternal solitude." When he was told he had no vocation he wept, but the monks encouraged him to return to his books. Marchenoir had already written two: a *Life of St. Radegunde* and a book of criticism called the *Impotents*, "written on a red-hot stake on the raft of the Medusa without hope of finding an accepting editor and with the continual fear of going mad!"—so he described the torture of his art. And to be an artist is to be tortured.

And he carried his thought further: "The vilest camp follower is forced to borrow the Visage of Christ to receive a blow from any hand. Otherwise the blow would not reach him but hang during the centuries in interplanetary space until it came into contact with the Visage which forgives" . . . . This was the thought of the same man who wrote: "I pray You, my God, to count me among

the few poor men whom You will use terribly for your Glory when you are weary of being struck upon your Face of Thunder ! "

On the other hand he believed that since he was the Pilgrim of the Absolute, he was incapable of writing a book that was not a masterpiece. He reviled the clergy for not reading his books. They smiled at his reproaches, or if they read him smiled yet more. He hurled himself against the mediocre and comfortable whose motto was : " Everybody for himself and God for us all." His " Exegesis of the Common Place " was a masterpiece of anti-pharisaic irony. Mediocrity he called " the power that can uproot the Himalayas ! "

No doubt Bloy is the Marchenoir of the *Désespéré*, who looked on himself as the slave tempering a Roman conqueror's triumph with picked insults, " the dark-haired man, silent and parsimonious of gestures, execrator of the commonplace and the repetition, with a catapult of a tongue to quell fools' conversation immediately," but he also had what the mystics say is a sign of Predestination, " the gift of tears, the tears which were the occult treasury of one of the most naked and tragic existences of the century." He suffered from " a concupiscence of grief," and his face was " the bright livid colour of the half-stoned Christian who has become a sacristan in the Catacombs."

Veronica always saw in his unhappiness as it were God suffering upon earth. Jesus must be in agony till the world's end. Angels can comfort Him, but only the Contemplatives can console Him—Christ " the elder brother of all the dead," as Bloy sublimely called Him. In his cell Marchenoir rehearses his own passions and allegorises Love, " the sleepless carnivore speckled with eyes like lenses upon her tail. Pride and Wrath her bastards can be fed by flatterers. Pacific Envy licks the stinking feet of the approving and blissful Avarice. Drunkenness is a secretless Sphinx which can be consoled

by getting drunk with Oedipus. Pleasure, with her belly of honey and bowels of brass, dances head downward in front of the Herods for those she needs decapitated, and finally Sloth, spun from the womb of Pleasure, like gossamer lolls round the pillars of the ancient human city with a viscid indifference." The stark burial of a Carthusian fills Marchenoir with hysterical scorn for fashionable funerals. "If the candidate for dry-rot has been a successful speculator, the crowd is as full of reporters as a fleece with ticks, the quick-scented jackals of death. If his illness has been long and painful, he is beatified far more easily than by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Now that he suffers no longer, he is declared Blessed."

Marchenoir hurls himself into mystico-historical writing.[1] He compares the use of the "document" to the use of wine which can be a bad master as well as a good slave. Whenever the document is contrary to his general conception, he rejects it and becomes magnificently leprous in the sight of the critics. As for mutilating an iota of Scripture, "what Providence had written in the undying tradition of the nations with gouts of blood and mountain-chains of dead was written beyond the obliteration of the sacrilegious scraper and acidiser. No solecism could last on the palimpsest of Grief!"

From the Charterhouse Marchenoir writes Veronica a terrible letter, contrasting the sorrow of their souls and the possible voluptuousness of their flesh, whereat Veronica cuts her hair and pays a Hebrew dentist to extract her beautiful teeth. All this to save him falling in love with her and risking his soul. Happiness, he realises, is for the brutes or for the saints, and he is neither, only a man of genius—"that diapason of griefs." To him grief was a necessity in life, for grief leaps the infinite abyss between the Accident and the Substance. In spite of the "inter-

[1] Among a thousand examples take his pen-flash of Constantinople, "that bewitched the Khalifs and Persian Kings, whose mirage alone drew the Queen of the Adriatic out of the bosom of the waters."

minable adjournments of Justice and the apparent inefficiency of the Redemption," he remains an astonishing optimist and concludes that God permitted with His left hand though He ordained with His right. Everything fulfilled itself between the *foci* of His providential ellipse.

He lived for the Ideal and the Absolute. He sought the Absolute even in his furniture when he declared that "an artist can only write on two kinds of table, one that is worth fifty thousand francs and one worth fifty halfpence." And again: "In their Absolute, Justice and Mercy are identical and consubstantial." He tried to analyse himself as "a kind of madman dreaming of Beauty and impossible forms of Justice. You dream of enjoyment, and therefore we can never agree." He asked himself why he was given so opulent a rage and answered; "Who knows after all if the most active form of adoration is not the blasphemy of love arising from the prayer of the deserted. I shall live on my vocation until I die of it in some orgy of grief. I shall be Marchenoir the contemner, the voice of one crying, the desperate one."

He threw himself fiercely on his contemporaries. The Church herself in France he found "imprisoned in a hospital of madmen." One of his literary enemies he compares to a wild boar, but adding apology for forgetting the "sculptural grandeur of a wild animal worthy of being hunted by the gods!" In a striking passage he fills Our Lord's mouth with the reproaches He will deliver at the Doom:—

> I will blind you because I am the author of the Faith. I will fill you with despair because I am the first born of Hope. I will burn you because I am Charity herself. In the name of Pity I will be pitiless and my Paternity will have no bowels save to devour you. My despised Cross will break into splendour like a fire on a dark night, and in its emblazonment an unknown terror will summon the trembling crowd of bad sheep and bad shepherds.

Marchenoir's meeting with contemporary writers is described with fantastic realism. In the end he refuses the co-operation they propose out of cowardly charity, and

issues a short-lived paper at his own expense, in which he has the pleasure of saying exactly what he likes for a few times in print. Felicien Rops draws him an imaginary cover of " a satyr, laughing to tears, fixed by the neck to a huge black pillory stretching from earth to sky and his filthy hoofs upon a heap of dead." *Sic transit ingloria mundi*, we might add as his motto. He despaired of France, which took notice of him, and of French Catholics, who at least despaired of him. He reviled his country whom he saw vanquished at every point. His final mockery accused her of letting her superiority in Vice go to the Protestant capitals of London and Berlin, which was true enough whether it stung or not. As for the French literary superiority, he poured scorn on the best sellers, who sold editions while the great artists starved. To him starving genius of any kind was always nearer the Church than the respectable comfortable pen-ticklers of the bourgeois soul. And so Marchenoir dies alone. His last prayer was : " Lord Jesus, have pity upon the miserable lamps consuming before your dolorous face. I have spent my life asking two things : the Glory of God or Death, and it is Death that comes ! " This is one of his sublime touches. The artistic touch follows and ends the book. His last desire to see his only friend is not fulfilled. The friend arrives too late.

Léon Bloy would have liked to have died similarly. He had already imagined the ideal death for a Pilgrim of the Absolute such as himself, " to die of love in a leper's cemetery in the midst of which is the Tree of Life and where the Spirit of the Lord wanders like us among the tombs." He was ready to join the dead, of whom he exquisitely hailed the Christ as elder brother. He had written on their behalf as much as he had written against the living. The poor dead whose " mighty clamour," he once wrote bitterly, " shakes the tabernacles of the sky, though it vibrates less in our atmosphere than the winglets of a gnat or the distaff of a spinning spider."

It must be remembered that Bloy effected extraordinary conversions, and that there was a whole side to him which is barely visible in this article. The general effect of his works was a passionate desire of the good, an intransigent zeal for orthodoxy in profession and mysticism in faith. To the credit of Léon Bloy lies many a remarkable conversion. It is only necessary to cite those of Van der Meer and Jacques Maritain. As Prince Wladimir Ghika writes in *La Documentation Catholique* (Oct. 27, 1923): "Beside the eccentricities and excesses, though wholly verbal, which can be laid at the door of Léon Bloy—there is a mad desire, a desire almost of despair, for sanctity in himself and in others." And the same publication, in its issue of Nov. 24, 1923, cites the following tribute from the pen of the distinguished geologist M. Pierre Termier: "No writer perhaps, if we except the inspired writers of the Bible, has exercised the same influence on certain souls; and if the distinctive mark of genius is the power to transform one's readers, to mould their characters, to impose on them new habits of thought, to recreate their intellectual and moral life . . . then assuredly Léon Bloy is *l'un des plus grands parmi les hommes qui ont reçu mission d'écrire.*"

"Each of my books is an avowal obtained by torture" was his literary testament. He is infinitely quotable whether about himself or about God. He welcomed pain, for he could only write in pain. He prayed with fine irony: "Lord Jesus, Thou didst pray for those who crucified Thee, and Thou dost crucify those who love Thee." Léon Bloy may have been a genius or an imbecile, but in our poor opinion he wrote several of the finest Catholic pages of his century, and he summed up himself and us in words of a magnificent Catholicism. "One can only do one's best. Genius offers God its genius: imbeciles offer their imbecility. All is for the best!" God give him rest, for truly nothing less could.

SHANE LESLIE.

UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS

XXVII.—The Dead Wife

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, D.LITT.

THIS is a tentative restoration of an elegy by a poet on his wife, Maol Mheadha. It is ascribed to Muireadhach Albanach in the Book of the Dean of Lismore. The metre is an elaborate form of *rannaigheacht mhór*, but not even the strict metre can enable one to restore with certainty a faulty text from a single copy. There are twenty-five quatrains in the MS.; I give here in modern spelling all the complete quatrains of which I am reasonably sure. The first is thus in the Dean's spelling:—

Marrwm di scarre rwmsy^{t} a ryir callin zlan di bynnsy^{t} sin noye
ruggy^{t} a brwne ni meyry^{t} mey^{t}n is ein vla leine vmmi voyn.

The second half of this is cited in a grammatical tract in C.II.3 (R.I.A.) as an example of the declension of *bra lín*—

rugadh bruinde maordha mín . is aonbra lín uime uainn.

The Dean's Book is in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. I have used a transcript by the late Dr. Quiggin, who published in his *Prolegomena* a translation of part of the poem from my restored text.

Muireadhach Albanach cct.

1. M'anam do sgar riomsa a-raoir,
calann ghlan dob ionnsa i n-uaigh;
rugadh bruinne maordha mín
is aonbhla lín uime uainn.

2. Do tógbhadh sgath aobhdha fhionn
a-mach ar an bhfaongha bhfann:
laogh mo chridhise do chrom,
craobh throm an tighise thall.

3. M'aonar a-nocht damhsa, a Dhé,
olc an saoghal camsa ad-chí;
dob álainn trom an taoibh naoi
do bhaoi sonn a-raoir, a Rí.

4. Truagh leam an leabasa thiar,
mo pheall seadasa dhá snámh ;
tárramair corp seada saor
is folt claon, a leaba, id lár.

5. Do bhí duine go ndreich moill
ina luighe ar leith mo phill ;
gan bharamhail acht bláth cuill
don sgáth duinn bhanamhail bhinn.

6. Maol Mheadha na malach ndonn
mo dhabhach mheadha a-raon rom ;
mo chridhe an sgáth do sgar riom,
bláth mhionn arna car do chrom.

7. Táinig an chlí as ar gcuing,
agus dí ráinig mar roinn :
corp idir dá aisil inn
ar dtocht don fhinn mhaisigh mhoill.

8. Leath mo throigheadh, leath mo thaobh,
a dreach mar an droighean bán,
níor dhísle neach dhí ná dhún,
leath mo shúl í, leath mo lámh.

9. Leath mo chuirp an choinneal naoi ;
's guirt riom do roinneadh, a Rí ;
agá labhra is meirtneach mé—
dob é ceirtleath m'anma í.

10. Mo chéadghrádh a dearc mhall mhór,
déadbhán agus cam a cliabh :
nochar bhean a colann caomh
ná a taobh ré fear romham riamh.

11. Fiche bliadhna inne ar-aon,
fá binne gach bliadhna ar nglór,
go rug éinleanabh déag dhún,
an ghéag úr mhéirleabhar mhór.

12. Gé tú, nocha n-oilim ann,
ó do thoirinn ar gcnú chorr;
ar sgaradh dár roghrádh rom,
falamh lom an domhnán donn.

13. On ló do sáidheadh cleath corr
im theach nochar ráidheadh rum—
ní thug aoighe d'ortha ann
dá barr naoidhe dhorcha dhunn.

14. A dhaoine, ná coisgidh damh;
faoidhe ré cloistin ní col;
táinig luinnchreach lom 'nar dteagh—
an bhruithneach gheal donn ar ndol.

15. Is é rug uan í 'na ghrúg,
Rí na sluagh is Rí na ród;
beag an cion do chúl na ngéag
a héag ó a fior go húr óg.

16. Ionmhain lámh bhog do bhí sonn,
a Rí na gclog is na gceall:
ach! an lámh nachar logh mionn,
crádh liom gan a cor fám cheann.

Translation

1. My soul parted from me last night; a pure body that was dear is in the grave; a gentle stately bosom has been taken from me with one linen shroud [1] about it.
2. A white comely blossom has been plucked from the feeble bending stalk; my own heart's darling has drooped, the fruitful branch of yonder house.
3. I am alone to-night, O God; evil is this crooked world that Thou seest; lovely was the weight of the young body that was here last night, O King.
4. Sad for me (to behold) yonder couch, my long pallet . . . .; we have seen a tall noble form with waving tresses upon thee, O couch.
5. A woman of gentle countenance lay upon one side of my pallet; there was naught save the hazel-blossom like to the dark shadow, womanly and sweet-voiced.

[1] *bla lín*, later *bra lín*, lit. 'sheet of linen'; now often mis-spelt *braitlinn*.

6. Maol Mheadha of the dark brows, my mead-vessel beside me; my heart the shadow that has parted from me, the flower of jewels after being planted has drooped.
7. My body has passed from my control, and has fallen to her share; I am a body in two pieces since the lovely bright and gentle one is gone.
8. She was one of my two feet, one of my sides—her countenance like the white-thorn; none belonged to her more than to me, she was one of my eyes, one of my hands.
9. She was the half of my body, the fresh torch; harshly have I been treated, O King; I am faint as I tell it—she was the very half of my soul.
10. Her large gentle eye was my first love, her bosom was curved and white as ivory; her fair body belonged to no man before me.
11. Twenty years we spent together; sweeter was our converse every year; she bore to me eleven children, the tall fresh lithe-fingered branch.
12. Though I am alive, I am no more, since my smooth hazel-nut is fallen; since my dear love parted from me, the dark world is empty and bare.
13. From the day that a smooth post was fixed in my house it has not been told me—no guest laid a spell therein upon her youthful dark brown hair.
14. O men, check me not; the sound of weeping is not forbidden; bare and cruel ruin has come into my house—the bright brown glowing one is gone.
15. It is the King of Hosts and the King of Roads who has taken her away in His displeasure; little was the fault[1] of the branching tresses that she should die and leave her husband while fresh and young.
16. Dear the soft hand that was here, O King of bells and churchyards; alas! the hand that never sware (false) oath, 'tis torment to me that it is not placed under my head.

OSBORN BERGIN.

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[1] or 'affection.'

GIOVANNI BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE (IL GRECHETTO)

BY THOMAS BODKIN.

ART criticism can no longer in fairness be termed an empirical science. Fifty years ago anyone possessed of what was generously called "an eye" or "taste" adventured gaily into the difficult business of attribution and, more often than otherwise, emerged unscathed. The *dilettante* of those days was ready to allocate the whole vast achievement of Italian painting among a score of artists. The modern critic is, properly, more timorous. He recognises the need of apparatus. Where Crowe, Cavalcasselle and Morelli led the way hundreds of eager investigators have followed, competent to win historians, chemists, linguists and archaeologists as allies in their efforts. Most Universities worthy of the name have now their faculties and professors of art.

As a result, scholars have lately arranged and correlated a great part of what was hitherto a huge, if valuable, litter of information; they have upset hordes of old errors; they have brought to light legions of lost truths; and they have resurrected a number of fascinating personalities from oblivion and set them in their true rank among the hierarchy of painters.

We can now judge, by standards established on authentic knowledge, Italian paintings produced before the seventeenth century. But we still approach the scarcely less remarkable Italian paintings of later periods through a dense tangle of unverified tradition, blank ignorance, blind prejudice and, often, bare statement. We have been too ready to assume that Italian painting after Raphael rapidly fell into a mere welter of decadence. The long vogue of the "Primitives" tended

to make us flout the righteous claims of their descendants.

The exhibition of pictures by Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries held in Florence in 1911 was the first sign that these painters were not without great merits and eager admirers. The magnificent loan exhibition held in the Palazzo Pitti, in 1922, showed that they were at last coming into their own. It contained over a thousand pictures, by more than two hundred different masters, and while it remained open it was thronged by an eager and admiring crowd to whom the great majority of the artists represented had hitherto been quite unknown. This exhibition proved an extraordinary stimulus to the study of the later Italian schools. Interest in their achievements is now general; and it is demonstrated in many ways, particularly by the widespread sale of a series of admirable monographs on the art of the time at present being issued in monthly volumes by Armando Ferri and Mario Recchi from Rome.[1]

The earlier numbers of this series, which appeared in 1921, announced the forthcoming publication of an account of the life and works of Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione by Signor Frederico Hermanin, the director of the Corsini Gallery. The latest numbers omit all reference to this promise. Its fulfilment must be eagerly desired by everyone who examined with attention the seven works of the painter shown at the Pitti exhibition.[2] These scarcely did him full justice: but they enabled the most casual student to realise that Castiglione was an artist of surprisingly great powers and amazing versatility; and they must have sent many searching among the meagre records of his career.

His biographies are, indeed, exasperatingly scanty and often obviously inaccurate. The earliest English

[1] Biblioteca d'Arte Illustrata. Sei e Settecento Italiano. [2] Mostra della Pittura Italiana del sei e settecento in Palazzo Pitti 1922. Casa editrice d'arte Bestetti e Tumminelli. Roma-Milano-Firenze. p. 60. Nos. 243-9.

Plate I.—The Bagpiper

Plate II.—The Sacrifice of Noah

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Plate III.—Portraits

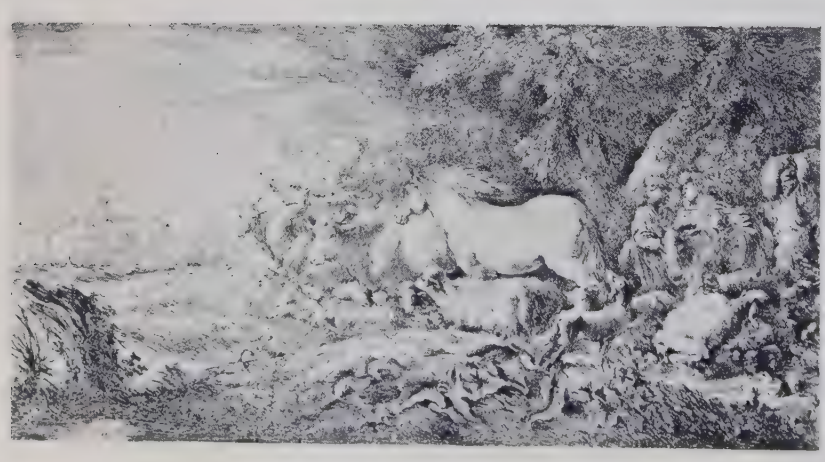

Plate IV.—The Entry into the Ark

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writer to mention his name was Richard Graham,[1] and as his account is reasonably accurate and also quaint I quote it in full : " GIO. BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE a *Genouese* was at first a Disciple of *Battista Paggi*, and *Ferrari*, his Countrymen ; improv'd himself afterwards by the Instructions of *Van Dyck* (as long as he continu'd in *Genoua*) and at last became an *Imitator* of the *Manner* of *Nicolò Poussin*. He was commended for several very good *Prints* of his own *Etching* : but in *Painting* his Inclinations led him to *Figures*, with *Landscapes* and *Animals* ; which he touched up with a great deal of *Life* and *Spirit* ; and was particularly remarkable for a *brisk Pencil*, and a *free Handling* in all his *Compositions*. He was a Person very *unsettled* in his *Temper*, and never lov'd to stay long in one Place ; but being continually upon the *Ramble*, his *Works* lie scatter'd up and down in *Genoua*, *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Parma* and *Mantoua* : at which last Place he died."

Four years afterwards one " J.B." supplemented Richard Graham's account by giving 1616 as the date of Castiglione's birth and 1670 as that of his death. He stated, further, that Castiglione entered into the employment of the Duke of Mantua and that " a coach kept for his service added spirit to his skilful pencil."[2] Pilkington,[3] Bryant,[4] Seguier,[5] Champlin and Perkins,[6] Drs. Thieme and Becker,[7] Madame Isabella Errara, [8] Benizet, [9] and all the cataloguers of public collections

[1] The Art of Painting by C. A. du Fresnoy, with Remarks. As also a short account of the most Eminent Painters both Ancient and Modern, by Richard Graham. Henry Lintot. London, 1750. p. 364. [2] The lives of the most eminent modern Painters who have lived since, or were omitted by Mons. de Piles. By J. B., London, 1754. pp. 19-21. [3] " A Dictionary of Painters " by the Rev. M. Pilkington, with additions by Henry Fuseli, R.A., London, 1808. Vol. I, pp. 180-1. [4] " Bryant's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers " revised by George C. Williamson, Litt.D., London, 1913-15. Vol. I, pp. 268-9. [5] " A Critical and Commercial Dictionary of the Works of Painters " by F. P. Seguier, London, 1870. p. 41. [6] Cyclopedia of Painters " by J. D. Champlin and C. C. Perkins. London and New York. 1888. Vol. I, p. 253. [7] " Lexikon der Bildenden Kunstler " by U. Thieme and F. Becker. Leipzig, 1912. Vol. VI, pp. 164-6. [8] " Dictionnaire Repertoire des Peintres " by Isabella Errara. Paris, 1913. p. 139. [9] " Dictionnaire des Peintres " by E. Benezit. Paris, 1911-23. Vol. I, p. 893.

whom I have consulted give the same dates. The information of these various compilers seems to have been derived from Raffaello Soprani[1] through Luigi Lanzi.[2]

Though they all state positively that he was born in 1616, they fail to notice that if such was the case he could scarcely have been the pupil of Gian Battista Paggi, who died in 1627 when he was just eleven years old. Commendatore Corrado Ricci points out this discrepancy,[3] though he accepts the date 1616. However, the anonymous, though evidently learned, compiler of the catalogue of the 1922 exhibition gives the date of his birth as 1610, which would not invalidate the unanimous account of his schooling furnished by the earlier writers. The same authority gives the date of his death as 1665.[4] On this latter point it would have been more satisfactory to find him in agreement with his predecessors. For if 1610 be the date of Castiglione's birth, as I am inclined to believe, and 1670 that of his death, we would have six additional years of activity to help us to account for his immense output. A man of fifty-four could scarcely have produced the enormous amount of work which is authoritatively attributed to him. He is represented in a multitude of collections, public and private. Benezit records pictures by him in the following public galleries; and without attempting to trace the others in private possession, it would be easy to add to their number: Aix, Besançon, Béziers, Bordeaux, Brussels, Calais, Chartres, Dresden, Dublin, La Fère, Florence, Fontainebleau, Genoa, Lille, Leningrad, The Louvre, Milan, Montpellier, Munich, Nantes, Naples, Narbonne, the Prado, Rheims, Rome, Rouen, Roumanzief, St. Brieuc, Toulouse, and Vienna. Many of these Galleries contain more than one example. Thus, no fewer than ten are in the Prado.[5] There must also

[1] "Vite di Pittori" by Ratti-Soprani. Genoa, 1768. Vol. I, p. 308ff. [2] "The History of Painting in Italy" by the Abate Luigi Lanzi. Revised edition. London, 1847. Vol. III, pp. 273-4. [3] "Art in Northern Italy" by Corrado Ricci. London, 1911, pp. 255-6. [4] Opus cit. [5] "Catalogo de los Cuadros del Museo del Prado" by Don Pedro Madraso. Madrid, 1900, Cat. Nos. 99-107.

be reckoned the drawings, which are to be found in profusion all over Europe, the numerous etchings, and the remarkable series of monotypes.

The oil paintings can be roughly segregated into three main classes: the processions with animals; the portraits and figure pieces; and the pictures of still-life. But Castiglione displays in each of these classes such diversities of technique, scale and colour that the identification of his work is a matter of no small difficulty. The influence of his alleged masters counts for little: that of Paggi was very slight; that of Andrea Giovanni di Ferrari, a painter of fruit and flowers, can scarcely be traced at all. I have not seen a single picture by Castiglione in which Van Dyck seems to have played the slightest part. Undoubtedly he was influenced by Domenico Feti, his predecessor as Court painter at Mantua.[1] He also was powerfully and persistently affected by the Neapolitan school, whose red primings and bold swarthy schemes he constantly adopted, as, for instance, in the picture of the shepherd with the bagpipes, *Il Zampognaro* (Plate I) from the Palazzo Bianco, Genoa, shown at the Pitti palace in 1922.[2]

Commendatore Corrado Ricci follows Stefano Ticozzi[3] in pointing out that the influence of Jacopo da Ponte (Bassano) and his sons was that which had most obvious effect upon Castiglione's art. It is plainly traceable in the large "Sacrifice of Noah" from the Palazzo Bianco (Plate II),[4] in the tiny "Adam naming the Beasts" and the "Entry into the Ark" [5] from my own collection (Plates V and VI); and in the "Paradise in Innocence" and "the Expulsion from Paradise" (Plates VII and VIII) from the Madden Collection in the house of the

[1] See "Studies" December, 1923, pp. 607-9. [2] Catalogue No. 248. Photographed by Fratelli Alinari, Florence. No. 45354. [3] Dizionario degli Architetti, Scultori, Pittori" by Stefano Ticozzi. Milan, 1730. Vol. I, pp. 296-7. [4] Photographed by Fratelli Alinari, Florence. Reproduced in "Dedalo," January, 1923. [5] These bear on the back of the stretchers official seals of the Dogana di Parma, in which city Castiglione is said to have sojourned. Photographed by Thomas Geoghegan, Dublin.

Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, which are here reproduced for the first time by the kind permission of the Provost and are, also, here for the first time, though confidently, attributed to Castiglione.[1]

Not only in manner but in choice of subject does Castiglione follow Bassano. Such themes as "Jacob's Journey," treated by Bassano in his great picture in the Ducal Palace at Venice, or that used in his "Noah entering the Ark," now in Vienna, were eagerly adopted and exploited by Castiglione, whose splendid renderings of "Jacob's Journey" may be found in Dresden,[2] Fontainebleau, the Prado and Narbonne. Versions of the "Entry into the Ark" from his hand are to be seen in Dresden,[3] Florence, Nantes and Vienna. Subjects which gave him the opportunity of painting caravans with troops of animals were always acceptable; and he produced dozens of pictures portraying Abraham's journey into Canaan, shepherds and flocks, soldiers returning from raids and hunters coming from the chase.

These are of all varieties of size. My two little pictures (Plates V and VI) measure only nine inches high by eleven and a half inches wide. The Trinity College pictures are twenty-four and a half inches high by twenty inches wide. But, as a general rule, his animal pictures are of much larger dimensions, occasionally with figures approaching life size. They can be readily distinguished from the work of the Bassani by their febrile handling and their less formal composition.

[1] These two charming little works are now in the "small drawing-room" of the Provost's House and are described on tablets as works of the "Italian School." In the "Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures, Busts and Statues in Trinity College, Dublin, and in the Provost's House" by W. G. Strickland, Dublin, 1916, pp. 34 and 35, they are not assigned to any painter. In the "Catalogue of Paintings in the Provost's House," Dublin, 1880, they are Nos. 51 and 52, and are attributed to Teniers. In Provost Richard MacDonnell's Catalogue of 1865 they are Nos. 10 and 13, and are attributed, on the suggestion of Dr. Elrington, to "Teniers imitating Bassano." They formed portion of the Madden Bequest of 1766. Photographed by Thomas Geoghegan, Dublin. [2] "Catalogue of the pictures in the Royal Gallery at Dresden" by Dr. K. Woermann, 1908, Cat. No. 659. Photographed by Bruckmann, Munich. Engraved in the official collection. [3] Cat. No. 660. Photographed by Bruckmann. Engraved.

Castiglione had a great fondness for introducing pairs of wild duck, cats, rabbits, geese, turkeys and tortoises into his pictures. Some of these may be observed in Plates V, VI, VII and VIII. They also occur in "The Sacrifice on coming out of the Ark" [1] and "The Entry into the Ark" at Nantes,[2] "The Entry into the Ark" at the Academia Ligustica in Genoa, [3] "The Sacrifice of Noah" in the Palazzo Bianco in Genoa (Plate I), [4] the "Orpheus" sold at the Grimaldi sale in 1899,[5] and "The Entry into the Ark" in Dresden [6] where a splendid pair of badgers occupy the right-hand corner. Many of these otherwise fine works suffer by the introduction of a rather undignified little figure of the Creator leaning from the clouds. I feel that those reproduced in Plates I, V, and VII are marred in this way.

When Lanzi and most other writers praise Castiglione's animal pictures above his other works they do him an injustice. His figure compositions and portraits are not less notable. His "Nativity" in the Church of Saint Luke in Genoa has won universal praise. But his masterpiece is probably the sumptuous "Woman and Child" in the Naples Gallery, [7] representing a beautiful young mother, gorgeously caparisoned, with her infant, behind a table on which is spread a brilliant eastern rug laden with rare flowers and fruit. Scarcely less remarkable in its way is the somewhat austere "Concert" of eight or ten figures, men and women, in the Prado. [8] The portrait occasionally, though erroneously, said to be a self-portrait, in the Brussels Gallery, [9] representing a tawny-haired man in brocaded robes, is worthy to rank among the best Venetian portraits of the cinquecento.

[1] "Musée de Nantes" by Nicolle. No. 43. Photographed in the Collection B.A., 1325. [2] "Musée de Nantes" by Nicolle. No. 43. Photographed in the Collection B.A. 1325. [3] Reproduced in "Dedalo," January, 1923. [4] Vide Supra. [5] 29 January, 1899. Sangiorgi, Cat. No. 46, plate 20. [6] Vide supra. [7] Photographed by Brogi, Florence. Reproduced in Ricci's "Art in Northern Italy" opus cit. [8] Cat. No. 100. Photographed by Anderson of Rome. [9] "Catalogue des Tableaux anciens du Musée de Bruxelles" by A. J. Wauters. Brussels. 1906. No. 92. Reproduced in "La peinture au Musée ancien de Bruxelles" by Fierens-Gevaert. Brussels, 1923, plate 148.

The portrait group from the Babarini Palace at Rome,[1] which I reproduce here (Plate III), does not seriously rival any of these works in merit: but I have selected it, partially because it is quite characteristic of the artist's work and, also, because it was always called "The family of the artist by Bassano" before its exhibition at Florence in 1911. Comparison with Bassano's masterly painting of his family in the Uffizi [2] precludes the possibility of attribution to that master.

Though Castiglione delighted to introduce still-life into his animal and figure pieces, he did not often paint still-life unrelieved. There is a remarkable picture in the collection of Sir Herbert Cook at Richmond[3] which I am inclined to think is his best performance in this genre. It was sold at Christie's in 1897 for £1,200 as a Velasquez and, though this price suggests that the attribution was not generally accepted, it had often previously been exhibited under that description.[4] Some critics subsequently considered Francisco de Herrera the younger to be its author. Dr. Tancred Borenius tentatively assigned it to Murillo.[5] Dr. August L. Meyer, who is generally recognised as the most acute living critic of Spanish art, would not allow it to be Spanish at all, and suggested that it was by Mariano Nanni, an obscure Neapolitan painter. My own conviction is that it is by Castiglione; and, recently, I have been informed that it figured in the sale of Cardinal Fesch's pictures and was then so described. I cannot verify this information which, if correct, affords strong corroboration of my theory. The owner himself declares, in the admirable catalogue of his great collection, that it may yet prove to be Dutch or late Flemish. In this connection it is instructive to note that a picture of

[1] Photographed by Fratelli Alinari of Florence. No. 28608. [2] Photographed by Alinari, No. 900. [3] Catalogue No. 504. Reproduced. Photographed by Anderson of Rome, No. 18527. [4] Burlington House, 1879, No. 162: Guildhall, 1901, No. 133: Grafton Galleries, 1913, No. 6. [5] "Burlington Magazine," Vol. XXIV, p. 74. Reproduced. See also "Burlington Magazine," Vol. X, p. 178.

still-life in the Louvre, now unanimously assigned to Castiglione, was formerly described as of the Flemish school.[1] I state these facts to show the difficulties which will arise when the attempt to segregate the works of so versatile a master is seriously made.

The example of Castiglione's art which hangs in the Irish National Gallery is, as far as I know, unique of its kind.[2] It is a study for a ceiling decoration and was bought, in 1859, in Dublin. I believe the attribution to be quite correct. Castiglione painted for a time in Venice, decorating the palace of the Senator Sacredo [3]; and this may well be a product of that period.

An extraordinary number of his paintings have been engraved. Bartolozzi, Earlom, Boydell, Winstanley, Corneille, Aveline, Colemans, Macé, Caylus, M. L'Asne, Chatillion and St. Non all produced plates directly from his paintings: and, in 1786, Gaetano Zompini published, in Venice, a series of twelve etchings after him by the Conte Antonio Maria Zanetti.

The popularity of these prints proves that his works were highly esteemed at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. In the early days of "Christie's" many of them were auctioned for what then ranked as good prices. Their vogue was short-lived. The last sale of a picture by him recorded in Mr. Algernon Graves' monumental "Art Sales," took place in 1821.[4] This was a work from the collection of the Countess of Thomond and was, therefore, in all probability, from the collection of Sir Joshua Reyolds, that judicious admirer of the later Italian masters.

It is most likely that many pictures by Castiglione have since appeared at "Christie's" assigned to other

[1] "Description raisonnée des peintures du Louvre" by Seymour de Ricci. Paris, 1913, p. 43. Cat. No. 1252. [2] "Elijah invoking by prayer the sacred fire from heaven." Catalogue 1914, No. 357. It was originally attributed to "De Vos" and purchased, with two other pictures, for thirty-five pounds. The title is obviously absurd. [3] "J. B." opus cit. [4] "Art Sales" by Algernon Graves, F.S.A. London, 1918-22. Vol. I.

masters; for his manner in various phases has been compared to that of many more celebrated men. Velasquez, Van Dyck, Herrera the Younger, Bassano and Mariano Nanni are not the only names which have been invoked in this connection. Rosa de Tivoli, Van der Meer the Younger, Zuccarelli, Parmegiano, Poussin, Carlo Marratti and Murillo have also been called on to father his pictures!

Moreover, he very seldom signed his oil paintings. When he did so it was, as a rule, with cyphers or monograms composed of the letters GB. or BC. Louis Lampe gives four reproductions of these,[1] Champlain and Perkins reproduce another.[2] His "Sacrifice on coming out of the Ark" in the Gallery at Nantes[3] is, apparently, unique in being signed with his full initials "G.B.C." separately painted, on the base of a keg borne by an ass in the middle distance.

His drawings, unlike his pictures, have never fallen from public favour. They are exceedingly accomplished, and were handled in a variety of techniques. Pen, pencil, chalk and wash are often freely employed in the same work. One of the most brilliant is that in pencil of "The Entry into the Ark" in the Musée Atger at Montpellier.[4] There are five of surpassing excellence in the British Museum. Collectors of drawings customarily inscribe their possessions with the name of the artist, which may explain why Castiglione's drawings are so much better known than his paintings. Of recent years a great many of them have appeared in the sales of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. There were no fewer than ten in the important sale of December 7th-10th 1920.[5] The best of these passed thence into the collection of Sir Robert Witt.[6] Castiglione was one of

[1] "Signatures et Monogrammes des Peintres" by Louis Lampe, Brussels, 1898. Vol. I, p. 50. [2] Opus cit. [3] Vide Supra. [4] Photographed by Doucet, 4970. [5] Lots 69-72. [6] NOTE.—I take this opportunity of expressing my great obligation to Sir Robert Witt for his kindness in allowing me the use of all the photographs of Castiglione's work contained in his famous library, while I was preparing this article.—T.B.

Plate V.—Adam naming the Beasts

Plate VI.—The Entry into the Ark

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Plate VII. Paradise in Innocence.

Plate VIII.—Expulsion from Paradise.

Plate IX.—Abraham journeying to Canaan

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the earliest draughtsmen to produce monotypes, and his work in that manner is superb though extremely scarce. [1]

The popularity of his etchings is even greater than that of his drawings, and is almost as well deserved. He was probably the finest etcher of his period. Barsch records sixty-seven different plates,[2] but Le Blanc enumerates seventy-two.[3] The majority of his etchings are signed, many of them with his name in full. That of "The Entry into the Ark," [4] here reproduced (Plate IV), bears the cryptic inscription "GB Castiglione Geiep," which stands for "G.B. Castiglione, GEnoese, Invenit Et Pinxit." The white horse depicted in the procession bears a remarkable family resemblance to the horse in the "Adam naming the beasts" (Plate VI).

Several of the etchings represent pastoral scenes populated by sportive nymphs and satyrs. Such scenes are not uncommonly the subjects of his drawings also; but they are rarely treated by him in his oil paintings.

It is hard to account for the neglect of Castiglione's pictures in England, where his drawings and etchings are so popular and where so many admirable engravings after his work were first published. For, though there are only four of his pictures to be seen in public collections—three in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge [5] and one in Hampton Court [6]—there are numerous examples in the great English country houses. Dr. Wagen recorded with commendation those in Corsham House, Alton Towers, Burleigh House and Blenheim.[7]

The personal history of Castiglione is as obscure as it well could be. He was probably married, for he had

[1] The Monotypes of Gio. Benedetto Castiglione by Augusto Calabi: the Print Collectors Quarterly. Vol. 10. No. 3. October, 1923, pp. 222-253. [2] "Le Peintre Graveur" by Adam Barsch. Vienna 1803-21. Vol. 21, p. 7ff. [3] "Manuel de l'Amateur d'Estampes" by Charles Le Blanc. Paris, 1850-54. Vol. I. p. 611 [4] Barsch. opus cit. No. 1. [5] "The Principal Pictures of the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge." London and Glasgow, 1912. Cat. Nos. 148, 217, 219. [6] "The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court," by Ernest Law. London, 1893, p. 100. Cat. No. 270. [7] "Works of Art and Artists in England," by C. F. Waagen. London, 1837. Vol. III, 95 254, 276, etc.

a son, Francisco, who is said to have aped his father's style. Pictures by Francisco are in the galleries of Christiania and Dresden. He had, as well, a brother, Salvatore, also said to be an imitator, of whom no more is known. Portraits of Castiglione afford the best clues we have to his personality. His self-portrait in oils is in the Uffizi. He etched another.[1] There is a portrait in oils, presumably by someone else, in the collection of the Marquis Ambrogio Doria at Genoa: and there are engraved portraits in the works of Moucke,[2] and Dezallier D'Argenville.[3] The best known of all is the fine line engraving by Carlo Gregorio after Giovanni Domenico Campiglia. It represents a man aged about fifty, clean shaven save for a slight moustache, long-haired, with noble features and expression.

The little we can learn of Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione, the man and the artist, inspires the hope that Signor Frederigo Hermanin's too-long promised book will soon be published to elucidate thoroughly his mysterious career and his most varied and perplexing achievements.

THOMAS BODKIN.

P.S.—While the foregoing article was passing through the press I had the good fortune to discover in Dublin, and to acquire, a particularly fine example of Castiglione's work, here illustrated (Plate IX). It is one of his numerous renderings of Abraham's journey into the land of Canaan. Other versions are to be found in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge,[4] the Galleria Brignole-Sale[5] at Genoa, and the Louvre.[6] It is painted on canvas, measuring thirty-five inches high by forty-seven and a half inches wide. The tone is bright, and much resembles that of the picture in the Irish National Gallery.

T. B.

[1] Barsch. Opus cit. No. 31. [2] "Rittrati" pub. 1756. Vol. 3, p. 23.
[3] "Abrégé de la Vie des plus Fameux Peintres." Paris 1745. Vol. I, p. 379.
[4] Cat. No. 148. [5] Photographed by Fratelli Alinari, Florence, No. 30242.
[6] Cat. No. 1250.

A DAUGHTER OF COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

BY AUBREY GWYNN, S.J., M.A.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S name suggests a figure almost as remote from our generation as he was, when alive, from his own contemporaries. Most of us, probably, owe what knowledge we have of his poems to Palgrave's selections in the second volume of his *Golden Treasury*. "Here, in this little Bay," "Departure," "The Toys," "If I were dead," and "A Farewell" have, all of them, a trick of lingering in the memory which may be due to the music of their cadences, but is also, in great part, the effect of contact with a remarkable personality; and most readers of Palgrave's selections must have wished for more. But there were then two possibilities. The more fortunate, under the guidance (most likely) of Francis Thompson or Mrs. Meynell, went on to the other Odes of *The Unknown Eros*, and were without more ado converted to a new cult; cheerfully agreeing with Mr. Basil Champneys, who writes: "I cannot bring myself to imagine that posterity can ever let die work which has been so much to me as this has." And, when challenged by those who had read Patmore and found him unintelligible, they retorted by quoting from "Pain" or "Tired Memory" or "To the Unknown Eros."

But there was another possibility. Fresh from the poems which Patmore wrote in the years of his first widowhood, we might turn to *The Angel in the House*: that "uncontested English classic" of which *The Times* spoke, when noticing Coventry Patmore's death. And then it might go hard with us. For, in spite of Mrs.

[1] *A Daughter of Coventry Patmore: Sister Mary Christina, S.H.C.J.* By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. (Longmans. 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Meynell's brilliant apologia and Ruskin's ingenious praise of its "sparkling humilities," *The Angel in the House* is not a poem to stir one's enthusiasm. Patmore's contemporaries, of course, were more responsive. Tennyson ranked it with "the very small number of great poems which the world has had"; and Newman was, as ever, courteous. Patmore himself took his work very seriously:

> I've blush'd for love's abode, the heart;
> But have not disbelieved in love;
> Nor unto love, sole mortal thing
> Of worth immortal, done the wrong
> To count it, with the rest that sing,
> Unworthy of a serious song.

And in the preface to the edition of his *Poems* which he published in 1886, he writes:

> I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

The self-reliant pride which speaks in these few sentences was, together with the poet's conversion to the Catholic faith, a main cause of his ever-increasing isolation and neglect. When he died in 1896, the English poetry-reading public was startled to find how far they had drifted from the days when Patmore seemed certain of as great a success as Tennyson's or Arnold's. It was then more than forty years since *The Angel in the House* had won all mid-Victorian hearts, and the long silence had only been interrupted by the publication of a slender volume of Odes in 1877, and of a short idyll (*Amelia*) in 1878. What secrets of a soul's growth and endeavour lay hidden behind this reserve? The story was partly told by Mr. Basil Champneys in his elaborate biography, published in 1901.[1] But Mr. Champneys is not a

[1] *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.* By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. (London: George Bell and Sons, 1901).

Catholic, and there were depths in the poet's mind which his biographer could only sound by the measure of his published work. No reader of Patmore's later poems will think it incongruous that the light which we needed should come from the record of a nun's life; for Patmore was ever the poet of woman, learning to know the intimacies of his own soul by the intimacy of his companionship with women. And there were two women whose influence was predominant in his life, and most of all in his work as a poet: Emily Augusta Patmore, his first wife, whose love he has commemorated in *The Angel in the House* and whose loss moved him to write the most beautiful and the simplest of his later Odes; and Emily Honoria Patmore, his eldest daughter, known to her fellow-religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus as Sister Mary Christina, who died with the reputation of high sanctity on 13th July, 1882.

A nun's life seldom gives both biographer and reader the agreeable privilege of companionship with the poets of another generation. Emily Patmore was born on 2nd June, 1853. Her father was already known to a few as one who "had a future" in poetry, and the next ten years were the time of his greatest popularity: *Tamerton Church Tower* was published in 1853, and the four parts of *The Angel in the House*—"The Betrothal," "The Espousals," "Faithful for Ever" and "The Victories of Love"—appeared successively in 1854, 1856, 1860 and 1862. These years were also the happiest in Patmore's life. He had married in 1847; was living in London, where Monckton Milnes (later Lord Houghton) had obtained for him a post as assistant-librarian in the British Museum; and was singularly fortunate in his companions. Tennyson had been a friend for many years, and Patmore's marriage with Emily Andrews brought him into contact with Ruskin, who had been her father's pupil. Carlyle, Browning, and, a little later, Aubrey de Vere were also of the circle; and Patmore was for a

time a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Indeed, it was he who prevailed on Ruskin to write the famous letter to *The Times*, which served the Brotherhood so well. Patmore's house was a common meeting-ground for all these men, drawn thither as much by his wife's graciousness as by the poet's own attractive personality. For Mrs. Patmore had rare powers of charm, and left her mark on all these brilliant visitors; Millais painted her portrait, Woolmer modelled her in profile for a medallion, and Browning wrote verses about her beauty.

Two sons had already been born to the poet before Emily's birth in 1853, and three more children—two sisters and a brother—were to follow. But Emily seems to have been her father's favourite from the first: "I never saw Baby looking so beautiful as she did yesterday evening," writes Patmore to his wife when Emily was only two years old. "Such eyes! I declare I almost fell in love with them . . . . She shall never marry with my consent if she looks so handsome." And there is one delightful reminiscence of her childhood, communicated to Mr. Champneys by Aubrey de Vere. A rarely beautiful night of stars had come to them in London.

> It seemed [writes Aubrey de Vere] as if some new and higher manifestation of divine glory were about to be vouchsafed to our earth. "Our child must see it," the poet exclaimed: "it is worth while breaking her sleep for it. She will never forget it. She will see in it even more than we do! We must wait patiently for her earliest word." The Father snatched her from her small bed; the Mother wrapped the blanket carefully about her. They carried her into the garden. Slowly they drew the veil from her eyes. They stood in silence waiting for the oracular word. At last it came. It was this: "Oh papa, how untidy the sky is!"

The mother's death in 1862 made an end of these happy days. Emily was only nine years old, her elder brothers were away at school, and her father was plunged in the widower's grief which he has described in "Departure" and "Tired Memory." The next two

years were spent for the most part with friends, and then a great change came. Coventry Patmore went to join Aubrey de Vere at Rome in 1864, and there came into contact with many distinguished English Catholics. For years he had been drawing closer to the Catholic Church, and both Aubrey de Vere and Manning had been recently at work in the endeavour to dissipate his prejudices. What kept him back was no intellectual difficulty, but the surviving influence of his dead wife. For Emily Andrews had been brought up in an atmosphere of anti-Roman Protestantism, and could never overcome her distrust of Catholics. "When I am gone, they will get you," she said to her husband a few days before her death; "and then I shall see you no more."

Yet Coventry Patmore always insisted in later life that *The Angel in the House*, with its description of a household

> . . . . whose inmates, every one,
> On tranquil faces bore the light
> Of duties beautifully done,
> And humbly, though they had few peers,
> Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be
> The fair sum of six thousand years'
> Traditions of civility.

was wholly Catholic in spirit. His thought is best explained by a Catholic doctrine to which he often appealed in private conversation: the distinction between the body and soul of the Church. "Keble," he used to say, "had a more Catholic spirit than Newman"; and his definition of the Protestant, as opposed to the Catholic, spirit went deeper than many suspect. "Protestant and Catholic Spirits," he wrote, quoting from St. Evremond, "are distinguished thus: the Protestant is always thinking of not displeasing God, the Catholic is always thinking of pleasing Him."

Patmore's claim that, even as Protestants, he and his wife were Catholic in spirit, is illustrated by the

history of their eldest daughter's conversion—if that is the right word to describe the half-conscious transference of allegiance made by a child of eleven. All Patmore's children followed their father's example, but Emily was the first to be received into the Church. More than any of her brothers and sisters, Emily seems to have been on peculiarly intimate terms with her mother, and Patmore records in his diary for August 3rd, 1862, a sort of vision which the child had of her dead mother, when walking in the garden with her father: indeed her nun-biographer is probably right in saying that Emily's "affection and veneration for her mother's memory very much resembled that of a Catholic child for our Blessed Lady." Under these circumstances, we might naturally expect to find the child sharing her mother's distrust for the new religion; all the more so because Patmore's conversion was followed almost immediately by his marriage with a Catholic lady, Miss Marianne Byles, who was a complete stranger to the children. But it was all the other way. Patmore's first wife had left it as her dying wish that he should marry again for the sake of the children. "You cannot be faithful to God and unfaithful to me," she wrote in her will, addressed to her husband; and she had prepared the children's minds for the thought of a second mother. Emily was even better prepared for the change in religion. Somewhere or another in that Protestant household—perhaps in some poem or pre-Raphaelite picture—she had come to know what a nun was; and in later life she told the story that "when she was not more than seven years old she used to contrive to be alone sometimes and, putting a handkerchief or her pinafore over her head, would walk solemnly up and down as in a cloister or sit as if lost in contemplation, pretending she was a nun." At such times, so she afterwards confessed, she felt "full of devotion and reverence"; but her mother was never allowed to know of these unusual recreations.

The biography from which I have been quoting gives in full the history of Emily's youth and the story of her vocation. A brief summary will suffice. Emily, who was henceforward to have more than her fair share of "elder-daughterdom," met her first Catholic friend in Harriet Robson, a young girl somewhat her senior in years, who had been educated by the Holy Child nuns at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The friendship soon became intimate, and the upshot was that Coventry Patmore finally decided to send Emily for a year to the convent-school at St. Leonard's in 1869. The year was lengthened to a year and a half, and the four terms which Emily spent with the nuns as her teachers proved the deciding factor in her life. There was a period of stormy restlessness, not so much a revolt against discipline as a struggle with the interior forces of grace and the call to a higher life; then a calm after the conquest, and Emily returned home in the winter of 1870, determined to become a nun. Difficulties were raised by her father, who was not sure of her vocation, and by her Catholic stepmother, who distrusted the new Society of the Holy Child[1]; but time proved more powerful than either obstacle, and at Christmas, 1872, Coventry Patmore suddenly announced his consent to Emily's departure, telling her that he would himself take her to the convent in the following January.

Father and daughter reached St. Leonard's on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1873. Emily was immediately admitted as a postulant; and two months later, on 25th March, she was clothed as a novice of the Holy Child Jesus, taking as her name Sister Mary Christina. She had chosen it, we are told, "as the nearest approach to the name of Christ"; and she kept her feast, not on

[1] The Society had been founded in 1846 by Mother Cornelia Connelly, an American convert. The story of her difficulties with her husband, also a convert, who had been ordained a priest after her public vows and then apostatised, has been recently told in *The Life of Cornelia Connelly*, 1809-1879. (Longmans, 1922).

the feast of St. Christina, but on that of Corpus Christi. Like her father she had learnt

> That nuptial contrasts are the poles
> On which the heavenly spheres revolve.

Two years later, on April 5, 1875, she was professed, and prayed, as she lay beneath the pall, "that she might run a long course in a short time."

That Sister Mary Christina had a special vocation as a mystic is plain from her life. That she inherited these mystical tendencies from her father will be no news to those who have read Coventry Patmore's later Odes, or the short "Autobiography" which he wrote in 1888 at the request of his Jesuit friend and fellow-poet, Father Gerard Hopkins.[2] How far father influenced daughter or daughter father is not so plain; but certain it is that their mystical experiences were not unconnected. After her profession in 1875, Sister Mary Christina was sent back to St. Leonard's to teach in class, and Coventry Patmore moved at the same time from his home at Heron's Ghyll in Sussex to the Mansion House, Hastings. Father and daughter were thus brought together again and, though the old companionship was no longer possible, they saw much of one another and corresponded regularly for the next seven years. And it is significant that Patmore's later Odes—the great series which begins with "To the Unknown Eros" and includes "Sponsa Dei," "Legem tuam dilexi," "Eros and Psyche," "Deliciae Sapientiae de Amore" and "Pain"—were all written in or about this time; many of them were actually submitted in manuscript form to the young nun's criticisms.

Two or three letters have been preserved which contain samples of these criticisms. Even as a young girl Emily had been familiar with her father's poetry and could quote it freely at the age of twelve. Now,

[2] It was published by Mr. Champneys in his *Memoir*, vol. ii, pp. 41-56.

in the light of her more mature experience, she finds no difficulty in comprehending what many readers have found obscure: "The Unknown Eros" was no stranger to her experience. "Deliciae Sapientiae" was, as one might expect, her favourite among the Odes; but she has a word of sympathetic comment for many of the others, and is even, on one occasion, shrewdly suspicious of her father's theology. To Patmore this discerning criticism must have been a constant stimulus, and it is impossible to overestimate the silent influence of his daughter's example. More than once we can detect the thought of his nun-daughter in the later poems, and the allusion to her state is nowhere more plain than in the opening lines of "Deliciae Sapientiae":

> Love, light for me
> Thy ruddiest blazing torch,
> That I, albeit a beggar by the Porch
> Of the glad Palace of Virginity,
> May gaze within, and sing the pomp I see;
> For, crown'd with roses all,
> 'Tis there, O Love, they keep thy festival.

Of the "festival" that was being kept within, we would gladly have some adequate record; but here comes the old reminder that it is possible to ask too much. Sister Mary Christina has left us, at least in fragmentary form, the record of her interior life with its mystical experiences. But, alas! the record takes the form of verse, written here and there under the stress of some new religious emotion; and Patmore's daughter, as her biographer frankly admits, whatever might have happened in other surroundings, was not an accomplished poet.

One example will suffice. All those who came in contact with this ardent soul took it for granted that Sister Mary Christina had somehow "seen Our Lord." "She never spoke of it to anyone," we are told. "Everyone took the fact of a personal revelation for granted. The children said with finality, 'Sister Mary Christina has

seen Our Lord.' The nuns believed it, though they never heard it from her. The confirmation was in her life "—and in the following lines which were found after her death :

> For sense and time forgetting,
> I have gazed upon the Face
> Of the Father's Sole-Begotten
> Who is full of truth and grace.

And so on for some stanzas. To my mind, a better confirmation of the general belief, apart from the evidence of her sanctity, is to be found in Coventry Patmore's " Autobiography," where more than one strange mystical experience is plainly narrated.

But it would not be just to leave the reader under the impression of a somewhat vapid spirituality. The stories which are told by her biographer of Sister Mary Christina's prayer, humility and spirit of utter self-abnegation ring true ; and occasionally the fire within breaks out, even in her verse. One poem, for example, written during the restless days when she was a school-girl at St. Leonard's, ends with two memorable lines :

> But on the breast of God my spirit sleeps
> As a gull upon the sea.

And once at least, in my judgment, the craving of her soul for the calm peace of prayer finds expression in adequate form.

> Awake, arise, O soul, from sleep,
> From those wide fields where no winds blow
> Thou canst not now those visions keep
> That so delight thee, they must go
> Into the dreamy past.
>
> Awake, O senses, to the wear
> Of life, the caution and the strain ;
> There is much yet to do and bear
> Ere death shall be the end of pain,
> And peace shall come at last.

Return, weak heart, take up thy weight,
And bear it through another day;
The joy that seemed so real of late
Like other joys must sink away
Into the dreamy past.

Return to labour and to pain;
Forget not grief, nor seek for rest;
Sigh not for death, 'tis worse than pain;
Death will end all when God sees best,
And peace shall come at last.

The occasion of these verses is characteristic of all Sister Mary Christina's short life in religion. On her return to St. Leonard's she had been set to teach a class; and to everyone's surprise, for her nature had hitherto been, like her father's, masterful and even domineering, she proved utterly unable to keep order in the class-room. Matters went from bad to worse, and she was soon reduced to the expedient of leaving the class-room, walking up and down the passage outside, and praying for the children: a method, as her biographer remarks, "that can hardly be recommended for universal adoption." The Mistress of Studies soon intervened, and the nun's own self-possession gradually made its mark on the children; but there was always trouble, even to the end. And the Sister had a further difficulty. At the first interval between two classes, she would slip off to the chapel and there, as often as not, immediately lose all sense of time and place, miss the bell for the next duty, and be found in the chapel some time later by an indignant Mistress of Studies. These were "the wide fields of prayer," from which she found it so hard to return and "take up the weight" for another day.

The Society of the Holy Child Jesus is a teaching congregation, and one's first impression is that Sister Mary Christina's piety was strangely out of place. And so it was. Her superiors knew it; but they were not free to act as they might have wished. For, all during the

Sister's life in religion, the Society was passing through a grave constitutional crisis, and the original Rule, which would have given wise guidance, was temporarily in abeyance. Matters could not go on like this for long; but Sister Mary Christina's mortifications made it plain that there was no prospect of her living for more than a few years. She might not be able to keep order in class, but she was ever eager for what work was going, and she showed her body no mercy. Her superiors did their best to rein her in; but it was no use, and there was always the feeling that God was calling her to higher paths. "It was like holding in an Arab steed," wrote her Superior after her death, and her obedience, though prompt, took advantage of every loophole to mortify her appetites or her body. Nothing that she has left in writing explains adequately this consuming thirst for suffering. Her father's verses in the Ode to "Pain" read like a vivid description of his daughter's daily experience.

> With what repose
> The being from its bright exertion glows,
> When from thy strenuous storm the senses sweep
> Into a little harbour deep
> Of rest;
> When thou, O Pain,
> Having devoured the nerves that thee sustain,
> Sleep'st, till thy tender food be somewhat grown again;
> And how the lull
> With tear-blind love is full!

The end came in July, 1882. For some time past she had been ravaged by consumption, due entirely to her own austerity. When told that she was going to die, she was beside herself with delight. But it was only for a moment. Her soul, which had hitherto known only the "Deliciae Sapientiae de Amore" of which her father had sung, was suddenly made to taste extreme desolation; and for some days she was panic-stricken. Had she, perhaps, loved her father too much? When next he came to visit her (for his visits were frequent), she begged

him not to come again; and he left the room puzzled and distressed. But the nuns, who had lived with her, saw deeper into her soul than she did herself. Was she not too anxious to die, heedless of God's Will? An old nun put the question to her and suggested that she should offer herself wholly to God, for life or for death. Lovers of "Tired Memory" will recall her father's lines, when his despair

> Bade me seek round afresh for some extreme
> Of unconceived, interior sacrifice
> Whereof the smoke might rise
> To God, and 'mind Him that one pray'd below.

So, too, his daughter prayed her father's prayer:

> My Lord, if Thy strange will be this,
> That I should crucify my heart,
> Because my love has also been my pride,
> I do submit.

And with the prayer peace returned.

The final scene is best given in the words of her biographer. "The day wore on from afternoon to evening. At half-past five the chaplain, Father William Hogan, came to see her and heard her confession. Suddenly, at about six o'clock, she raised herself on her pillows and her look became fixed. The sister who was nursing her said that for several days she had noticed that fixed look at intervals and thought that something supernatural was happening. Now there was no doubt possible. Her face became transfigured and shone with a light like the reflection of a brilliant sun. She exclaimed, 'He is coming! He is coming! I see Him! Oh, my sweet Jesus! And my Mother Mary, too! How beautiful you are!' Then followed repeated exclamations as if out of herself with joy. After which she said imploringly, 'Oh, do let them all see you, that they may know what you are! Let them see your beauty.' Then, entreatingly, 'Take me *now* . . . do not wait . . . do not disappoint me . . . .'

"A sister went to call the priest. 'She wants prayers,

Father, and it is your place to say them. Our Lord is with her.' Father Hogan went immediately to the infirmary. But when he drew near and saw her face, he said, 'She wants no prayers of mine. I could not interrupt her converse with God.' He knelt down and prayed in silence, keeping his eyes fixed on her.

"At last Sister Mary Christina spoke again, but this time quite calmly. 'Yes, dear Lord, I will persevere. I will suffer as long as you wish, to please you.' Then, as if awakening, she turned to the infirmarian with an expression of perfect resignation and said, 'It is not His sweet will to take me now. I must wait two hours . .' She lay quiet and patient, her eyes still fixed on the sky to the east. There Our Lord had told her He would come for her, and there she would watch till He came. Eight o'clock struck. There was a moment's struggle for breath. She called to the infirmarian, 'What shall I do, Sister?' The sister moistened her lips. 'You are doing beautifully. It will soon be over. Go on with the aspirations and keep fast hold of Our Lord.' Then the prayers continued and she answered them herself.

"At last she said, 'Oh, I am so happy. Now let me die' and without a sigh or movement gave up her soul to God."

They buried her at St. Leonard's, in the convent cemetery on the summit of the hill, and one of the children who was present at the ceremony afterwards wrote:

> We were all impressed by the sight of her old father, who stood by the grave-side holding one tall white lily in his hand. When we had all thrown our flowers on the coffin, he seemed almost to fling the lily into the grave, and we could see the anguish in his face as he turned away.

Poseur? Well yes, perhaps: but then Patmore was always something of a poseur. And Sister Mary Christina's death made an end of more than her own life. From that day forth Coventry Patmore wrote no more verse.

AUBREY GWYNN.

JOSEPH CONRAD: 1857-1924.

BY ANDRW E. MALONE.

"THE yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity; the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty haloes that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine." Marlow certainly is like that, but so indeed was Joseph Conrad. In describing the attributes of Marlow, Conrad gave an outline of himself and very aptly suggests his own literary method. Conrad's method was that of a glow bringing out a haze, or the illumination of misty haloes by spectral moonshine. Everything is seen indirectly, through a haze; everything is leisurely, from Marlow's river trip in *The Heart of Darkness* to old Peyrol's departure in *The Rover*. Nothing of the busy, whirling, distracting world will be found in Conrad's work—for him the world of the twentieth century might never have been. All his writing is one long look backward and inward. From 1857 to 1894 he lived an active life and sailed the Seven Seas; from 1895 to 1924 he pondered those thirty-seven years, producing a glow here and an illumination there, but all hazy with the mists of African rivers or those of fond remembrance. The literary life of Joseph Conrad, almost equal in years with his active life, is one long conversation by Captain Marlow on the places, the men, the ships, and the events which glow through the haze of memory and are illuminated by the spectral moonshine of imagination.

An irresistible impulse drew Conrad to the sea and to England. "Now, when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps," says Marlow in *The Heart of Darkness*, "I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all looked that) I would put my finger on it and say, When I grow up I will go there. The North Pole was one of these places, I remember. Well, I haven't been there yet, and shall not try now. The glamour's off. Other places were scattered about the Equator, and in every sort of latitude all over the two hemispheres. I have been in some of them." Teodor Josef Konrad Korzenowski was born of Catholic parents in Poland in 1857, far from the sea, with as marked an inclination towards physical adventure as most of his contemporaries had towards mental speculation. In 1862 his father was banished to Vologda on account of complicity in the Polish Rising, and the boy lived there with his parents till the death of his mother, when he was sent back to the Ukraine. In 1870 his father died, and he was sent to school in Cracow, where he remained till 1874, when he went to sea. In May, 1878, he first landed in England without any knowledge of English. Rapidly, however, he learned the language, and in the autumn of 1878 he joined the *Duke of Sutherland* as an ordinary seaman. Six years later, in 1884, he became a Master in the British Merchant Service as a naturalised Englishman. For ten years more he remained at sea, and in 1894 deserted it in favour of literature.

During his sea life he had been writing a novel. He showed the manuscript to John Galsworthy, who was a passenger on his ship from Australia to South Africa. It was *Almayer's Folly*. Galsworthy thought highly of the work, and it was published in 1895. Conrad had written this novel, at stray moments spread over sevreal

years, for his own pleasure and diversion. He had been induced to submit it for publication; and he confessed that, had it been rejected, he would never have written again. It was not, however, rejected. "The name of Mr. Conrad," said the *Spectator* reviewer, "is new to us; but it appears to us as if he might become the Kipling of the Malay Archipelago." The praise was high, but higher still was achieved when W. E. Henley accepted *The Nigger of the Narcissus* for publication in *The New Review* in 1897. Eastern settings for stories were the fashion since Kipling had taken readers 'East of Suez' in the early nineties, and Conrad had to protest that though *Almayer's Folly* was about a Dutchman marooned in a river in Borneo among Malays and Arabs, his intention was not that of the imperialistic school. "The picture of life," he said in the preface to *Almayer's Folly*, "there as here, is drawn with the same elaboration of detail, coloured with the same tint. Only in the cruel serenity of the sky, under the merciless brilliance of the sun, the dazzled eye misses the delicate detail, sees only the strong outlines, while the colours, in the steady light, seem crude and without shadow. Nevertheless it is the same picture." What is everywhere the same and everywhere interesting is the heart of man. And it is the heart of man with which Joseph Conrad was always concerned.

Conrad's earliest books contain much of his best work, and this despite his struggle with a foreign language and a technique which seemed always to be too strong for him. The first two books, *Almayer's Folly* and *The Outcast of the Islands*, were remarkable for the vigour with which Conrad proclaimed the individuality of his discovery and the psychological insight which gave promise of great things. Almayer, Aissa, Willems, Babalatchi, Abdulla are finely conceived; but they are overwhelmed by an atmosphere which is overcharged and intensified. There is lack of ease and a rhetorical style which is nakedly revealed in *Tales of Unrest*, certainly Conrad's worst

book. In 1898 *The Nigger of the Narcissus* appeared, and this remains his most perfect work. It is the story of a voyage from port to port and of the influence upon a ship and its crew of the shadow of death. Only in *The Mirror of the Sea* is Conrad found so happily at ease with his subject. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is a gallery of perfect portraits, a record of a lovingly-cherished reminiscence where the characters do not yield their solidity to any idea. Of Mr. Baker, the Chief Mate, it is known :—

> No one waited for him ashore. Mother died ; father and two brothers, Yarmouth fishermen, drowned on the Dogger Bank ; sister married and unfriendly. Quite a lady, married to the leading tailor of a little town, and its leading politician, who did not think his sailor brother-in-law quite respectable enough for him. Quite a lady, quite a lady, he thought, sitting down for a moment's rest on the quarter-hatch. Time enough to go ashore and get a bite, and sup, and a bed somewhere. He didn't like to part with a ship. No one to think about then. The darkness of a misty evening fell cold and damp upon the deserted deck ; and Mr. Baker sat smoking, thinking of all the successive ships to whom, through many long years, he had given the best of a seaman's care. And never a command in sight. Not once !

Lord Jim followed in 1900, and remained Conrad's most popular work till the publication of *Chance* in 1914. Marlow is absorbing in that marvellous journey of the *Patna*, with its cargo of pilgrims, its obscene captain, and Jim. Jim lapses, but his full recovery makes one of the most glamorous and enthralling stories in modern literature. And the effect is heightened by Marlow's leisurely narration. Sometimes the story proceeds at a rapid pace ; but more usually it swings at anchor, or very slowly treads its way through tortuous windings. There is no hurry ; you must know all the details, meet all the persons concerned. So the reader comes to know Jim's English country parsonage home as well as the *Patna's* journey or Captain Brierley's enquiry. *Lord Jim* is certainly one of Conrad's finest works.

Lord Jim was followed by the publication of two volumes of short stories, *Youth*, in 1902, and *Typhoon*, in 1903. Contained in these volumes are three of the greatest short stories in English—*Youth*, *The Heart of Darkness*, and *Typhoon*. They are a salutation of farewell to the East, to the sea, and to the spirit of adventure, and that salutation has given to English literature three short stories which must rank amongst the greatest in the world. Then for a time reminiscence ceased to dominate Conrad's work, and *Nostromo* in 1904 was deliberate creation. Sulaco is as fictitious as Lord Dunsany's Pegana, but it is much more credible. There is no doubt of the existence of Sulaco and its silver mine, or of Nostromo the Capatuz de Cargadores. He is surely the most romantic figure in the English novel since the death of Sir Walter Scott. There is nothing in Stevenson to bear comparison with him, and he is supported by a host of characters as real and as interesting as himself. Then there is Sulaco itself, which is known as well as if it were lived in. There is the Aristocratic Club which—

> Extended to strangers the large hospitality of the cool big rooms of its historic quarters in the front part of a house once the residence of a high official of the Holy Office. The two wings, shut up, crumbled behind the nailed doors; and what may be described as a grove of young orange trees, grown in the unpaved patio, concealed the utter ruin of the back part facing the gate. You turned in from the street, as if entering a secluded orchard, where you came upon the foot of a disjointed staircase, guarded by a moss-stained effigy of some saintly bishop, mitred and staffed, and bearing the indignity of a broken nose meekly, with his fine stone hands crossed on his breast. The chocolate-coloured faces of servants, with mops of black hair, peeped at you from above; the click of billiard balls came to your ears; and ascending the steps, you would perhaps see in the first sala, very stiff upon a straight-backed chair, in a good light, Don Pépé moving his long moustaches as he spelled his way, at arm's length, through an old Sta Marta newspaper. His horse—a strong-hearted but persevering black brute with a hammer head—you would have seen in the street dozing motionless under an immense saddle, with its nose almost touching the curbstone of the sidewalk.

Conrad's happiest book is undoubtedly *The Mirror of the Sea.* In it his ironic pessimism finds no place, and the whole range of his enthusiasm has full scope. The book is unique; there is no other book quite like it, though it stands in relation to Conrad's other work somewhat as *The Aran Islands* stands to Synge's plays. At first glance it seems but a series of disconnected essays bearing such titles as *Landfalls and Departures, Overdue and Missing, Rulers of East and West,* and such like On closer acquaintance a binding unity will be discovered—the reader is led into the company of those who know the sea and made free of their number. Conrad's own attitude towards the sea was that of almost passionate worship, and his expression of that attitude was lyrical :—

> The sea—this truth must be confessed—has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power. The ocean has the conscienceless temper of a savage autocrat spoiled by much adulation. He cannot brook the slightest appearance of defiance, and has remained the irreconcilable enemy of ships and men ever since ships and men had the unheard-of audacity to go afloat together in face of his frown . . . . the most amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.

Yet to the sea he was the willing slave, and it was of the sea and of ships that he wrote best. Never, outside the covers of *The Mirror of the Sea,* did he reach such spontaneous lyricism as in the famous and well-known passage on the West Wind. But it was of ships he wrote most kindly. " A ship is a creature which we have brought into the world, as it were on purpose to keep us up to the mark." And again : " The art of handling ships is finer, perhaps, than the art of handling men." Of one ship he wrote, " She looked modest to me. I imagined her diffident, lying very quite, with her side nestling shyly against the wharf to which she was made fast with very new lines, intimidated by the company of her tried and experienced sisters already familiar with all the violences of the ocean and the exacting love of men." He was

always more indulgent towards ships than he could be towards men. He knew all kinds of ships—the proud, the sly, the malicious, the adventurous, the staid, the treacherous and the benevolent. He could not be severe before the worst of them as he could be before even the best of men. In *The Mirror of the Sea* is all of Conrad—his enthusiasm and his philosophy, his love and his pride—and it is the obvious introduction, with *A Personal Record*, to his creative work.

With the publication of *The Secret Agent* in 1907, Conrad began what was to be his most popular period. For a time he deserted the sea as a theme and devoted his attention to the human aspects of revolutionary organisation. *The Secret Agent*, *Under Western Eyes*, and several short stories are the work of this period. They are not of his best; but they contain much that is characteristic and many personalities very powerfully drawn. The personality of Winnie Verloc in *The Secret Agent*, and of Razumov in *Under Western Eyes*, compels attention and draws that sympathetic pity which human nature tends to bestow upon the heroic adherents to lost causes. Conrad knew those adherents, his father was one of them, and his sympathy seemed to be with them—but then sympathy is not enough, and in a pitying world they struggle in vain, and their very devotion brings only destruction.

With the publication of *Chance* in 1914 and of *Victory* in 1915, Conrad achieved popularity. He had been writing for twenty years, but the great reading public had taken little interest in his work. He had his circle of admirers, just as Meredith had; but *Chance* secured a wider recognition. It is not by any means his best work, and it must be concluded that it is the Knight and Maiden—as he called Captain Anthony and Flora de Barrel—theme that attracted the novel-reading public. *Chance* resembles *Lord Jim*, in that it has one highly-visualised moment which vivifies the entire book. It contains, too,

the most varied array of characters to be found in any of Conrad's books. *Victory* widened the circle of readers, and its advent to the cinema-screen spread at least a knowledge of his existence. *Victory* is a splendid tale of the pursuit of honesty and innocence by evil and malignancy. It contains, in the last conversation between Heyst and Lena, one of the most beautiful and strongest pieces of writing to be found in Conrad's work. *The Arrow of Gold* is romance almost as fine as *Nostromo*, with a background of the Carlist War in Spain, and it contains in Dona Rita Conrad's finest feminine portrait. *The Rescue* and *The Shadow Line* are essentially studies in atmosphere, but in his last book, *The Rover*, published in 1923, Conrad reached his highest again. In *The Rover* character and atmosphere are both the work of the master hand. The suggestion of the aftermath of the French Revolution is superb, and in Gunner Peyrol is a portrait of a seaman which is perhaps the finest Conrad has drawn. *The Rover* is indeed a fitting climax to a line of masterpieces.

Not even his most devoted admirer would call Conrad a cheerful writer. His choice of themes forbade cheerfulness, and his art was limited by his persistent brooding on the inequality of life's battle. The ruthless cruelty of the sea had left an indelible mark upon his mind. The themes that attracted him were always unequal struggles of man with his environment. Conrad had the firm and resolute conviction that life was too strong, too remorseless, and too clever for humanity, and he makes pretty play with man's vaunted conquest of the forces of nature. As Mr. Richard Curle, in his study of Conrad, has pointed out, every character is faced with the enemy for which it is least fitted. The theme of *Almayer's Folly* is the struggle of a weak man against nature ; *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is the struggle of simple men against the fear of death ; the hero of *Lord Jim* is a simple man struggling against nature and gaining a pyrrhic victory. *Nostromo*

is the conquest of a vain man by that which he values least. *Chance* is the struggle of an honest soul against the dishonesty of a world he does not understand. *Typhoon* is man's struggle against the storm, and *Heart of Darkness* the struggle against the forest. In *The Secret Agent*, Winnie Verloc finds life too much for her and commits suicide, and in *Under Western Eyes* the dreamer is destroyed by a world that laughs at his dreams. In *The Arrow of Gold* the ravings of a lunatic destroy prospective happiness, and in *The Rover* Peyrol has to offer himself as a sacrifice for the happiness of others. There is nothing of the blind destruction which is behind Thomas Hardy's work. Conrad's characters each contain either the goodness or the badness which is the cause of their doom. And the ironic sneer was never on the face of Joseph Conrad. Human vanity was the origin of his irony.

As a stylist Conrad had few compeers, and that is all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that English was an acquired language. His writing bears traces of this, and there may be found frequently sentences that no native writer would have penned. In speaking he never lost his foreign accent. It has been stated that at the outset of his literary career Conrad made a deliberate choice between French and English, but he denied this. "My recollection of what I meant to say is: that *had I been under the necessity* of making a choice between the two, and though I knew French fairly well, and was familiar with it from infancy, I would have been afraid to attempt expression in a language so perfectly 'crystallised' . . . . the truth of the matter is that my faculty to write in English is as natural as any other aptitude with which I might have been born. I have a strange and overpowering feeling that it had always been an inherent part of myself. English was for me neither a matter of choice nor adoption." He had from the beginning a very highly individualised style, borrowed from none, though he had known Shakespeare, translated by his

father, from his earliest years ; and he acknowledged his regard for the works, amongst others, of Henry James, Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper. His style was admirably fitted to the expression of the subtlest shades of meaning and the most obscure and complex emotions. It is an evocative poetic style, which does not build from the naked literal meaning of the words used. Words are used in those vague associations which it might be expected that only natives could employ and which natives cannot always clearly explain. Conrad's style may be described in the words he used when speaking of Galsworthy : " It is the style of a man whose sympathy with mankind is too genuine to allow him the smallest gratification of his vanity at the cost of his fellow creatures . . . . . sufficiently pointed to carry deep his remorseless irony, and grave enough to be the dignified vehicle of his profound compassion."

Conrad's influence on the English novel is as obvious as it was immediate. His romantic realism has given the novel a new form and a new inspiration. He shares with H. G. Wells the moulding influence that is surely bringing the novel back to its first source of inspiration. Not on writers about the sea only has the influence been obvious ; it is just as marked upon those whose themes have agricultural labourers, clerks, or suburban residents for their characters. He has helped to kill naturalism and that realism which was merely sordid, and in their stead he has placed that romance which is the only realism. Of his work Conrad wrote : " Even before the most seductive reveries I have remained mindful of that sobriety of interior life, that asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth, such as one conceives it, such as one feels it, can be rendered without shame." These words from *A Personal Record* might fittingly serve as his epitaph. Conrad died at Bishopsbourne, Kent, on August 3, 1924.

ANDREW E. MALONE.

CHRONICLE

The New Era in Spain

BY JOHN RYAN, S.J., M.A.

On September 13th the military directory that now controls the destinies of Spain will celebrate the first anniversary of its accession to power. The occasion may be availed of to give some idea of the new government's achievements, of the problems with which it is confronted, and of its prospects for the future. It is, of course, realised that a full exposition of present conditions would necessitate a thorough discussion of the religious, philosophical, intellectual, economic and political development in Spain during at least a century, a work which, however fascinating, is beyond the scope of a short paper. In this article nothing more shall be offered than a description of the situation such as it appears to an observant and sympathetic foreigner.

That things in the Peninsula, for many years preceding 1923, were not going brilliantly all who read the newspapers knew ; few, however, realized to what depths government there had sunk. The worst period may be said to have begun with the disastrous defeat in the war against America, when Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, Spain's last possessions beyond the seas, were lost irrevocably. A stupor impossible to describe fell on the whole people. A nation that had won its place among the greatest of the earth began to feel itself inferior to all and to abandon itself to a listless pessimism, which found saddest expression in public policy and in literature. From that time until the autumn of last year the career of the Spanish state was progressively downwards.

An immediate consequence of the weakening of the National will was the growth of regionalism, especially in Catalonia, where a movement, hitherto literary and romantic, began to take political form and to dream of an independence supported, if need be, by French bayonets against Spain. The sentimental and practical arguments urged by the Catalans in defence of their effort to set up a tiny six-county state it is not easy for an outsider to appreciate. On quite another plane are the claims of the Basques, beyond all doubt the oldest and easily one of the most interesting of the European peoples. Through the dust and strife of centuries they have preserved their individuality and their language. To boil them down into a cultural uniformity with the race or races from whom they differ so fundamentally would be at least a crime against science, if not against justice. Happily the Directory itself seems to realise this ; and as, on the other hand, the able and prudent Basques are not blind to the imperative need for unity in the modern Spanish state, an arrangement that will be just

to both sides is not improbable. For the moment our only purpose is to point to the obvious fact that, in the years preceding 1923, this movement was exceedingly prejudicial to the feeble government of Madrid. Local feeling in the other provinces, also strong, had no political significance, except perhaps in Galicia, where it began to take disquieting shape about 1920.

A second great thorn in Spain's side has been for three-quarters of a century her worthless colony in Morocco. The first war against the Riffs took place in 1859, lasted eight months, and was won at heavy cost—largely, it must be said, owing to assistance given to the Moors by other European powers. Thus England not only forbade the Spanish army to occupy Tangier, its real objective, but extorted from the government at Madrid a declaration that no point on the Strait of Gibraltar would be occupied which would give Spain a superiority "dangerous to navigation." Moreover the British Treasury demanded of Spain the immediate repayment of a loan of 12,000,000 pesetas; the Riff forces were supplied from British factories with 150 pieces of artillery of the latest type; and the indemnity of £4,000,000 which Spain was finally able to impose, was promptly supplied from London.[1]

Further campaigns took place in 1893 and in 1909, whilst in 1911-12 a series of operations began which may be regarded as not yet concluded. In spite of wretched military organisation, muddling by corrupt or incompetent politicians, and foreign intrigues, the admirable valour of the Spanish troops continued to prevail against the Riffs; but the fruits of victory proved difficult to harvest, and the war dragged on. Morocco in time became a nightmare, swallowing up much of the State's resources without return or hope of solution. Nor was this the worst. In July, 1921, a surprise attack by the Moors threw the opposing forces into complete disorder, the positions won at such heavy cost had to be abandoned, and the Moors arrived triumphantly at the very gates of Melilla. The Spanish casualties in less than a week exceeded 8,000, including a leading general. Three thousand troops who had surrendered on terms were massacred in cold blood. As may be supposed, the effect in the Peninsula was immense; the whole nation, like a lazy giant wounded in sleep, began to shake itself into a sudden and vengeful wakefulness. The government was overthrown, and the new rulers were given to understand that punishment for the guilty would have to be speedy and severe, whilst the reconquest of the lost territory should be immediately undertaken. This, however, supposed in the new government a strength and ability of which it was utterly destitute, a fact which very soon became clear as day.

Another point which must be noticed about pre-Directory governments is their absolute failure to ensure public order and provide

[1] It is of Irish interest to note that the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, General O'Donnell, was promoted to the dukedom of Tetuan, a title which his grand-nephew, who fills a position of some importance under Primo de Rivera, still honourably bears.

security in reasonable measure for the citizen. This, indeed, was only to be expected, as governments themselves were the creatures or victims of a parliamentary system that had degenerated into a mechanism. Liberals succeeded Conservatives, and Conservatives succeeded Liberals with wooden regularity. He who was Minister of Finance in one régime became Minister of Education in a second, of Foreign Affairs in a third, and of the Navy in a fourth without arousing the least comment; for everybody knew that he was equally incompetent for all. Favouritism, inefficiency, cowardice and corruption were the notes of every ministry. When the central government was such, time need not be spent in describing what provincial and municipal administration was like.

It would be difficult to say which of the 32 governments that rose and fell in Madrid between 1900 and 1923, most contemptibly neglected its chief functions. The Socialists had a free hand, and endless strikes made the normal development of national industry impossible. In due course there appeared advanced syndicalists and communists who, in the public streets, openly murdered employers, fellow-workers and civil officials. Arrests were seldom made, and when they were, acquittal was certain; for if the prisoner at the bar was powerless, his friends abroad were not: experience had taught that those who returned a conscientious verdict might look for immediate reward in the next world. In Barcelona the syndicalists themselves were divided into hostile sections, who, on occasion, settled their differences with pistols on the streets, public authority being treated as if it did not exist. Needless to say the Socialists had the fullest freedom in propagating their doctrines, even in the barracks; and when, as happened at Malaga, soldiers destined for the African campaign refused to embark and shot their officer, the corporal who led the mutiny was at once pardoned.

The first attempt to assassinate the King was made in 1903 at Barcelona, when Premier Maura was wounded. The world has not yet forgotten the appalling scene at the royal wedding in 1906, when a bomb hurled at the sovereigns killed 23 onlookers and wounded a host of others. During riots at Barcelona in 1909, no less than 62 churches, convents and colleges were laid in ruins. In 1912 the Premier Canalejas was assassinated, and in 1920 the Premier Dato, whilst in 1922 a murderous attempt was made on the life of the military governor of Barcelona, General Martinez Anido. The early months of 1923 were marked by a number of robberies under arms in broad daylight, the most striking of which was that of the Bank of Spain at Gijón, where the robbers shot the manager and decamped with 675,000 pesetas. Strikers in Bilbao murdered a tramway employee who refused to abandon work at their request; pursued by the police they took refuge in the Town Hall, whence they were only dislodged after a veritable battle. The chief victims were 11 innocent citizens. On June 5th of the same year the aged Cardinal Archbishop of Saragossa was barbarously

murdered, whilst on September 11th at a meeting of Catalonian, Basque and Galician extremists at Barcelona cries of "Down with Spain" and "Up the Riff republic" gave rise to the gravest disorders.

It may be asked why the Spanish people did not set their affairs in order by cleaning out the Parliamentary stables and choosing as their representatives men capable of honest government. The shameful answer is that the people were indifferent, when they were not corrupt. Many a poor village disposed of its votes practically by public auction. Local authorities tampered at will with the ballot-boxes, so that the party in power was always pretty certain of a majority. Universal suffrage had thus become a ludicrous farce. Within Parliament members gave endless proofs of the extraordinary talent of their race for oratory; personal quarrels occupied so much of the time that the serious problems of the state had to go unexamined and unsolved.

Against this dark background of lethargy, indifference, ineptitude and anarchy the dramatic events of September 12, 1923, have their setting. On that night the Captain General of Catalonia, Primo de Rivera, threw off allegiance to the Civil Authority, put the area subject to his command under martial law, and petitioned the King to rid the country of the Ministry and the politicians. The Captain-General and garrison of Saragossa immediately gave their support, and other generals and the remainder of the army were called on to follow suit. This they all did in a dignified and orderly way. Primo de Rivera had already notified the Spanish Ambassadors in Paris, London and Rome of the events about to take place, with instructions to secure that no false interpretation be given to his action. To the people of the Peninsula he addressed a virile proclamation, to the general effect that his behaviour needed no justification, that he was but responding to the call of the nation and the will of every honest man. He consequently counted on unlimited support in his effort to provide efficacious remedies for the country's ills.

To this appeal, whose best recommendation was the high character, the well-known sincerity and ability of its author, an enthusiastic reply was given. The Government, indeed, made a pitiful attempt to maintain its position, inviting Primo de Rivera to consider himself dismissed, an invitation which the General politely declined. More interesting is it to note that the Socialists, hitherto free to create what disorder they wished, took fright at the very shadow of a strong hand and dropped their decision to embark on a general strike. Meanwhile Primo de Rivera had been summoned by telegram to Madrid, his departure from Barcelona and his arrival at the capital being marked by scenes of enthusiasm such as take place but once in a generation. The most prominent of the ex-Ministers, Alba, and a multitude of syndicalists fled to France. On the 17th, the new government of eight generals and an admiral, acting as a military directory under the presidency of Primo de Rivera, was formed. One of the great revolutions in Spanish history had ended in complete success, not only without loss of life, but without one shot or one arrest.

Of the distinguished general who headed the new movement and who at present is undisputed ruler of the country a short account must be given. Miguel Primo de Rivera y Orbaneja, Marquis of Estella, to give him his full name and title, was born in Cadiz on January 8, 1870, of a famous military family. Choosing the army as a profession he entered the General Military Academy at 14, was cadet at 18 and lieutenant at 20. Three years later he was at the front in Morocco. Here at the head of five volunteers, two of whom were killed and a third wounded by the deadly fire of an advancing enemy, he recovered and dragged back to the Spanish lines a lost cannon, an act of heroism for which he was decorated with the Cross of San Fernando (first class) and made a captain on the battlefield. In 1895 he was sent to Cuba, where he likewise had a glorious record, being made a commandant for brilliant leadership of the vanguard at Santa Maria de Sabina. Two years later he was in the Philippines as adjutant to the Captain-General, where, now a Colonel, he spent forty days alone amid the insurgents on the mountains, arranging terms of peace and collecting their arms. Returned to Spain he was put on the General Staff at Madrid, whence in 1909 he was sent at his own request to Morocco, where hostilities had again broken out. In 1911 he was seriously wounded in an engagement with the Riffs, and in the same year was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General. After a period of service at Madrid he was again sent as a Commander to Morocco, took part in various combats, and was made a General of division. In October, 1915, he was appointed Governor of Cadiz, whence he was re-called in 1917 to preside over a commission sent to study modern warfare at the French and English fronts. In July, 1919, he was made a Lieutenant-General, and shortly afterwards Captain-General of Madrid, but was relieved of his post because of a speech in the Senate in which he criticized with the greatest frankness government incompetence in Morocco. On the death of his uncle in 1921 he succeeded to the marquisate of Estella. A year later he was sent to fill the vacant post of Captain-General of Catalonia, and in this hotbed of disorder and crime the idea of taking in hand a radical reform of Spanish government took shape within his mind. Proud of his people without being blind to their failings, popularly aristocratic, Catholic to the finger-tips, impatient of all that is crooked and dishonourable, brave and extraordinarily capable he reminds one irresistibly of those great Captain-Generals and viceroys who, in the golden days of the 16th century, set the indelible impress of the Spanish spirit on the regions and races of the New World. Whether these qualities suffice to send a new sap of life through the dry trunk and withered branches of twentieth-century Spain is another question.

The excellent work accomplished during the past year may be outlined. To give the Directory a free hand the whole country was put under martial law. This act, which the stranger generally connects with tyranny, was greeted in Madrid and other cities with cries of

jubilation. A year's experience has shown martial law to be inconvenient only for criminals. The Chambers were dissolved, so that ratepayers had no longer to pay for the inane chatter of their representatives. Juries were abolished temporarily, to the great chagrin of bandits and murderers. Gentlemen whose income was derived from the dexterous use of arms, and who were slow in adapting themselves to changed conditions, suffered very unpleasant surprises. Thus, in an attack by masked and armed men on the Savings Bank at Tarrasa, two were taken prisoners, tried by summary court martial, and immediately hanged. The rest of the band made good their escape, but they have recently been captured and are at the time of writing on trial for their lives. Smaller attacks at Valladolid and Saragossa were punished with 17 and 14 years' penal servitude. After the Southern Mail robbery, in which two postal officials were murdered, the perpetrators were at once tracked down, tried, and hanged. The murderers of the Archbishop of Saragossa likewise perished on the scaffold, as did those of the Premier Dato. Criminals in Spain have certainly fallen on evil days, and few countries now suffer less from their misdeeds. All this, be it remembered, in a land where terrorism had come to be regarded as an inevitable inconvenience in the life of the people, just like summer heats and winter colds.

Chronic strikes, which before the Directory rendered illusory all hopes of economic progress, have also become a thing of the past. Where differences between employers and employees threatened disturbance the new rulers immediately intervened. In a recent address to workmen the principles which guide the government's action were set forth in the clearest terms by Primo de Rivera himself. If, he said, their aim was a social Utopia, a state in which all would be equal and all idle, all aristocrats and all rich, then they had better turn their eyes elsewhere, for the Directory had nothing to offer. If, on the other hand, they were willing to live modest lives as honest workmen, the government would do all in its power to ensure them a livelihood, to protect them against sweating and tyranny, and to provide them generously with helps to education and refinement. More than once during the year the unjust employer and the professional agitator have felt the full force of the Directory's heavy arm. Primo de Rivera's policy as such may please or displease; it is at least practical and unambiguous.

An early measure, too, was the reform of the Civil Service. The generals themselves set a headline by renouncing all remuneration attached to their duties as Ministers of Government. Office hours for State servants were fixed from 9.0 a.m. to 2.0 p.m. Delay of more than a quarter of an hour in arriving was punished with loss of salary for a month. A second offence brought loss of salary for a year, and a third dismissal. Amusing scenes were witnessed on the morning following this order. Chief clerks and heads of divisions appeared who had no idea of where their office was or who composed their staffs or what

they were supposed to do. Newcomers trooped sheepfaced into the government buildings. In the important ministries at Madrid and in the Town Hall at Barcelona the number of chairs and tables available gave out long before 9.0 a.m., so that the new arrivals had to render their valuable services to the State standing. Needless to say a radical revision of the Civil Service lists was soon made and the State freed from vampires feeding on its blood.

As a first step in purifying local administration all the "Ayuntamientos" or local councils were suspended, others being appointed in their stead. A strict investigation of the doings of the outgoing councils generally ended in unpleasant revelations. Thus a large number had neglected to balance their accounts for 10, 20 or even 30 years. The final report showed that 80 per cent. of the municipalities had been badly administered—18 per cent. of these, however, through mere incapacity without malice. In only 2 per cent. were honesty and ability found combined. Town mayors and secretaries everywhere filled the gaols. On March 8th of this year a permanent solution of the municipal problem was offered in a law which competent critics have received with enthusiastic praise. Thus the towns and villages begin to live again their normal constitutional life as free from "caciquismo" (boss rule) and corruption as human foresight can make them. A similar regulation of the provincial deputations (corresponding somewhat to our County Councils) is expected shortly.

Very popular was the frontal attack made by the Directory on the cost of living, exceedingly and unnecessarily high in Spain. Fraudulent shopkeepers, profiteers and hoarders were treated without mercy. For the necessaries of life a maximum legal price was fixed, with a severe penalty for demanding more.

For the Liberal concept of liberty, which included an open field for immoral literature, films and theatres, for prostitution, drug-traffic and the rest, the Directory never showed the least understanding; innumerable prosecutions, with heavy fines, speedily worked a change in the public life of the cities. Objectionable placards and obscene postcards disappeared, whilst drugs destined for vice were confiscated and handed over to the hospitals.

With regard to Morocco the Directory announced that its purpose was to say little and to do much. In practice the army commanders seem to have chosen as their aim the holding of strong positions at a minimum cost. How far this can continue depends, of course, on the activity of the Riffs and the interests of their invisible allies, so Spain is still far from finished with this the most vexatious of her problems. Meanwhile it may be noted that a government exclusively military, despite the Moroccan campaign, has reduced the army during the year by 14,000, and is at present contemplating the shortening of obligatory military service from three years to two—indications that its ambitions are not dangerously despotic.

The year has likewise witnessed a reform of the judiciary, corrupt

judges being severely punished; a law forbidding Ministers or ex-Ministers from having a part in the direction of companies that have contracts with the State, a measure which affects 29 former Ministers. The annual deficit of nearly a milliard has been reduced by 450,000,000 pesetas, while the public loans floated by the State have been subscribed four times over. Important steps have been taken to get foreign-controlled enterprises into Spanish hands, arrangements made for the laying of 3,000 kilometres of railway, plans considered for remedying the rather desperate general railway situation, and, in a word, every effort made to set the country on its legs again economically.

Deserving of particular mention is the enthusiastic desire of the Directory for educational reform. Centuries have passed since Salamanca counted on its yearly roll 7,000 students and competed with Paris and Alcala for the title of the world's premier university. In the 19th century the strangling incompetence of the Liberal State and the indifference of the people ended in a stagnation harmful and discreditable to the nation. Illiteracy reached alarming proportions. Colleges and universities were in keeping with the primary schools. The religious orders were bound hand and foot by triumphant bureaucracy, a fact which led the Jesuits to found, independently of the government, what are certainly the best organised and probably the most useful colleges modern Spain possesses—the Commercial High-School at Bilbao and the Institute of Arts and Industry at Madrid. The Directory at first promised a complete reform within a few months. On coming, however, to study the problem, they found it so complex that it threatened to take all their time for an indefinite period, so that the matter had perforce to be postponed. A commission of experts was then appointed, with orders to draw up a scheme suitable for immediate application, so that a great improvement in Spanish education may be expected shortly. Meanwhile the Directory contents itself with substantially increasing the salaries of the teachers and insisting that the law of obligatory attendance at the primary schools be observed.

The dark cloud of misrepresentation and falsehood which for so long has hung about the Spanish name in foreign countries has likewise begun to dissipate. Nothing more triumphant could be imagined than the visit of the King, Queen, and Primo de Rivera to Italy in the fall of last year. No need to recount their wonderful reception at the Vatican, where Alfonso XIII, in a proud profession of faith and loyalty before the Holy Father, almost surpassed the glorious traditions of the Spanish monarchy; or the homage shown to the royal pair, and through them to Spain, by the Italian people; or the fervent manifestations of affection which marked their homecoming at Barcelona, Saragossa and Madrid. Significant, too, is the "spiritual embassy" of Cardinal Benlloch of Burgos in the name of the Pope and Spanish King to the states of South America. His Eminence, a man of commanding gifts, facile speech and charming personality, had little difficulty in arousing

enthusiasm for the motherland he represented. In the Argentine he was entertained magnificently as a state guest, and was provided with a special Government train for his journey to Chile. In the latter country he was received with full military honours, whilst at the public reception the fervour of the assembly broke all bounds. In Peru the Senate held an extraordinary session, over which the Cardinal was invited to preside—and so on for the smaller republics visited by the distinguished prelate. Thus the "black legend" of tyranny and misrule, which has divided Spain from her lost colonies ever since the days of separation, is fast disappearing. A Hispano-American University is being founded at Seville to cement the re-union, whilst literary and commercial connections are likewise being strengthened. If all goes well, a visit of Alfonso XIII. to South America, more triumphant than any his predecessors could have celebrated when the republics were still Spanish colonies, ought to take place within a few years.

Enough has been said to show that Spain, at the moment, enjoys one of the best governments in Europe, that peace and progress are the order of the day, that the restraints of the new regime are irksome only for the bad. There remains, however, the perturbing question: What of the future? A military directory is of its nature transient. And Primo de Rivera has declared from the beginning that the supreme object of his labours is to provide the country with a capable civil government. Can conditions be created under which this is possible, and, if so, how long is the process of preparation likely to endure? The Directory answers the first question in the affirmative, and is openly contemplating a system of representation according to class or occupation. Others are loud in proclaiming their loss of faith in all representative government. Perhaps it may be said that if the Directory lasts some ten years, continues to act according to the high principles which have ruled its actions hitherto, solves reasonably well the problems with which it is confronted, raises the educational level of the masses, and incidentally establishes a tradition of good government, a plan should easily be forthcoming by which power could be returned without danger to civil hands. For the present every patriotic Spaniard must pray that Miguel Primo de Rivera be spared many years to carry on the good work he has so energetically undertaken.

John Ryan.

REVIEWS

Biography

LIFE AND WORK OF FATHER JAMES A. CULLEN, S.J. By Lambert McKenna, S.J. London: Longmans. 1924. 7s. 6d.

Lord Acton warns us that "we cannot afford wantonly to lose sight of great men and memorable lives, and we are bound to store up objects of admiration as far as they may be; for the effect of implacable research is constantly to reduce their number." Doubtless the great men of secular history often lose on closer acquaintance. But with the saints it is not so. It may safely be said that the better they are known, the more they compel our admiration and win our affection. The reason is probably to be found in those words of Carlyle to his mother: "There never was a wiser doctrine than that of christian humility considered as a corrective for the coarse, unruly selfishness of man's nature."

It is at least premature and a little rash to style Father Cullen a saint in the strictly technical sense of the word. But no one can rise from the reading of this work without feeling that he has been initiated into the secrets of an exceptionally holy soul, who chose the high road from the start and kept to it unswervingly to the end. His was a very busy life, full of good works performed for the loftiest of motives and fruitful in a remarkable degree. Few have better understood the maxim: "Walk with God and be perfect." He somehow caught the secret of uniting an incessant outward activity with the interior spirit of a recluse. The revelation of this volume is just the admirable harmony he managed to establish between the inner life of prayer and the exterior life of zeal. The latter was well known to the Catholic community in Ireland even before it ended; the former is here revealed in its fulness for the first time, and is one more proof that great work for God is only accomplished by those who draw strength and inspiration from on high.

There is little that might be called sensational in the story. It is in sharp contrast to the meteoric career of Father Willie Doyle, whose briefer years of strenuous endeavour, ending in a blaze of glory on the battlefields of France, have rightly focussed

upon him the attention of many lands—but have also raised some problems for the curious. If Fr. Cullen ever practised devotions which might be deemed exaggerated or austerities that might appear excessive, he has carried the secret of them to the grave. Neither is there any sign of great spiritual crises. He had not the ardent, buoyant, almost boylike temperament of Fr. Doyle to bring under strict control. If we did not know that all holiness is supernatural and quite impossible without perpetual and stern self-discipline, we would almost conclude that sanctity came natural to him. From the cradle onward he was moulded by the most favourable influences, and responded to them in a manner that appears effortless, though doubtless it was far otherwise. His natural character helped his spiritual development. Methodical, practical, tenacious of purpose, he found less difficulty than most in reducing his life to the ordered curriculum of religious observance. His one great obstacle would appear to have been a certain melancholy and even pessimism of disposition, which must often have made it hard for him to keep to his self-appointed tasks. Against this he certainly struggled heroically. For though haunted by a perpetual sense of failure and critical to an excessive degree of his own achievements, he never wavered or faltered or admitted defeat.

One great spiritual asset he possessed from the beginning to the end—a faith that never seemed troubled by questionings or misgivings of any kind. He never knew what Emerson has styled "the mumps and measles of the soul," from which not even the saints have always been exempt. The late Prof. Wallace once wrote: "Naturalism was a reaction from the follies of Supernaturalism; Agnosticism a reaction from the way of speaking about God as a man in the next street." Fr. Cullen never relegated God to the next street. He assumed as obvious the words of St. Paul: "In Him we live and move and have our being." Indeed his diaries might serve as a commentary on the statement of the Apostle: "My just man liveth by faith."

Fr. McKenna has done his work well. He has also practised a self-repression that some may find excessive, but which at least has this advantage that no veil, however slight, is thrown between the reader and the subject of the biography. Printers and publishers on their part have co-operated fully to make this a most readable and interesting volume, which, granted its size and whole appearance, must be pronounced remarkably cheap.

P. J. Gannon.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF MARY AIKENHEAD. By a Member of the Congregation. London: Longmans. 1924. 15*s.* net.

THERE is, evidently, interest in Ireland now-a-days for other than political activities; there is, moreover, active sympathy for success in fields not directly political: otherwise books like Mary Aikenhead's *Life* would hardly be written. While unjust foreign rule absorbed the thoughts of Irishmen, every nerve was strained to the same intense purpose, with the result that activities not bearing directly upon the effort to expel the usurper, received inadequate recognition. Books, the Irish thought, should be about heroes; and the real heroes were the fighters for Irish independence. So it came about that the work of others, just as patriotic and self-sacrificing, was overshadowed by the dominant passion for political freedom. The fact that *Lives* of eminent Irishmen and Irishwomen who laboured for their country's uplifting in other than political spheres, are beginning to appear, is surely significant of some great change.

It is possible now to take a more comprehensive view of our history and to estimate justly the worth of those who have served Ireland in any way. It is certain that the Catholic Faith has made the Irish people, that it has preserved not merely personal holiness, but the very nation itself. This is the portent of our history. If the Irish had abandoned the Faith, they would have become a feeble memory; and the priests and nuns who have given up all to spread the Faith and serve the Church, must be given their proper place in Ireland's history, if justice is to be done and a true judgment be made of the forces which have kept us whole. This new *Life* of Mary Aikenhead will serve a good purpose, if it brings prominently before the minds of Irishmen how much they owe to one Congregation, at least, of Irish nuns.

Mary Aikenhead, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity, was Irish—capable, practical, patient in suffering, steadfast in pursuit of an ideal, kind without being effusive or sentimental, humorous, and very sane and clear-sighted in her loving service of God. Religion with her was not an artificial growth to be cultivated in a pre-arranged set of circumstances, but a great disposition of the soul which placed unerringly the most sublime and the most trivial things in their proper order in the Providence of God. The *Life*, in which many extracts from her letters are given, brings her before us very clearly. There are many women like her in Ireland. Her letters are simple, utterly free from cant or pretence. They have force, charm, tenderness, insight; they reveal the devoted soul,

devoted in every vicissitude of joy and sorrow, success and failure, to the will of God ; they tell of wide sympathies revolving round a fixed point ; they show that God was no august stranger to be ushered in ceremoniously on certain formal occasions, but an intimate friendly presence in the common round of her days. In all this she was pre-eminently Irish. The young man who said, "I think Mother Aikenhead must have been a Saint, because she could fly with such facility from the depths of a clothes basket to the heights of Heaven," had accurately plumbed her secret and her spirit—a secret which is an open one to the Irish, and a spirit they well understand. No Irishman reading this *Life*, in which Mary Aikenhead's character is so charmingly and convincingly portrayed, will fail to recognise in her a great and good woman of his own blood and race. Under the inspiration and guidance of Archbishop Murray she founded the Sisters of Charity to serve the Irish poor, who were in a pitiable state of depression ; and to this purpose she clung in spite of strong inducements to divert her nuns to other useful occupations both in and out of Ireland. Until she had met all the claims of Ireland's poor, she did not think she was at liberty to promote other enterprises.

In reading her *Life* one cannot help being reminded of St. Teresa. It is true, she had not St. Teresa's gift of infused prayer—at least, we are not told that she had ; but she had the same gift of imagination, the same love of nature, the same directness, honesty and humour ; she is kin, too, in her simple courtesy to the high-spirited Castilian lady who sallied out from a cloister at Avila to lead such a strange counter-revolution. Ill health forced Mary Aikenhead to keep to the cloister ; but from her unbroken, like St. Teresa from her broken, seclusion, she ruled by letters. They flow from her aching fingers, full of wise counsel, of encouragement and admonition, occasionally rising to the energy and warmth of eloquence. From them we may judge how accurately a close and discerning friend, the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O.P., has described her character and attainments : "She was a woman to be revered and loved ; gifted with high spiritual knowledge and proficiency ; sometimes brusque, perhaps, in manner, but making you understand that honesty was the great point with her. Looking like what she was—the Foundress of a great Institute—she reminded me of St. Teresa or of St. Catherine of Siena, *with a dash of the Celtic nature*." As she ruled her growing convents by letters from her sick-bed, we are reminded, too, of Florence Nightingale, who, imprisoned for years to her couch, imposed her views of hospital management upon the most powerful officials. Mother Aikenhead was gentler than

Florence Nightingale ; and, what is more, she developed and carried out wider social schemes. The spirits of St. Teresa and Florence Nightingale blended in the heart of Mary Aikenhead into a strange beauty, with a dash of the Celtic nature through it.

She touched Irish life at many points. Chapter after chapter of her *Life* opens with a short account of the conditions in which she found her people. Cholera, ignorance, destitution, famine, depression—what depths of misery she set herself to redress ! With practically no money at her back she put her hand to the great work of improving the social, economic, and hygienic conditions of the poor. When put in these words, it looks as if she was a "social reformer," a person common now-a-days, devoured with philanthropy, armed with statistics and argument, a very scientific saviour of the race. But she was not like that : her statistics were simple, gathered by herself in her contact with the poor ; her science was the charity of Christ engrafted upon a motherly heart broken to discipline. She has shown, if proof were needed, that the Catholic Faith can energise commonsense to solve grave social problems in a human way—solve them by organising hospitals, schools, asylums, and by inculcating resignation to God's will in the trials we all must bear. Her institutions are scattered through Ireland, and have spread to England and Australia : she was the pioneer in rough country. When she opened St. Vincent's Hospital, some thought she was going too far in putting nuns to nurse the sick ; for that was a degrading occupation quite unsuitable for ladies. Who thinks so to-day ? And the change is one indication of how Mother Aikenhead and her nuns have moulded the spirit of their times.

This work was public work for Ireland. Her spiritual life, which the *Life* lays bare, will be of great interest to Religious. This part of the *Life* is admirably done. The authoress never exaggerates ; she never loses hold of reality ; never once, as far as we could see, does she fail to grasp the fundamental principles which lie at the root of true ascetics. It is refreshing to read a book which is so eminently sane and clear-sighted on matters so delicate and important. It is easy to overstate, through mistaken zeal, certain large principles, and so take from the claims of other principles equally large. But in this *Life* there is balance, equilibrium, a sense of proportion—qualities which, as it seems, have descended from Mary Aikenhead to her daughters. The authoress has selected for comment just those principles which make most for the true growth of holiness, for the true advance in perfection : no easy task in a matter so complex.

One such principle is that there should be no divorce between the contemplative and the active life. It is not true that the contemplative life can be lived only in certain specially contrived circumstances, and that those who do not find themselves in these circumstances are at liberty to make light of the contemplative spirit. "Work is prayer," they say. True, but the saying must be properly understood. How it should be interpreted is told in this book—how Mary Aikenhead prayed constantly in the press of business, how she trained her nuns to the "easy habit of recollection and the Presence of God" that Fr. St. Leger, S.J., advises her to instill into her novices. Mother Aikenhead was never tired of repeating that, for those engaged in active work, union with God was specially necessary, otherwise the world in which they moved so freely would contaminate them. She taught the Sisters of Charity that the contemplative life is not incompatible with fatiguing and engrossing exterior work, that Martha and Mary may be united in the same person. This is but one instance of how sure is the touch of Mary Aikenhead and of her biographer. There are others: for instance, that there is no unreal cleavage between the natural and the supernatural in the sense that the supernatural in its manifestations is totally unlike the natural. Mary Aikenhead summed it all up in the vivid phrase: "Do you think," she asked, "I left my heart behind me when I put on the habit?"

As an educator of women, Mary Aikenhead stands in the highest rank. She knew how to draw out all that was best in them for the best of ends. Her institutions are flourishing; her nuns are working among the Irish poor; they have caught her spirit. This *Life*, written so simply, so full of humour and of pathos, so balanced and tolerant, will do good service by revealing the Sisters of Charity to the people among whom they live. J. E. C.

SAINT BONAVENTURE: LE DOCTEUR FRANCISCAIN. Par P. Léonard de Carvalho e Castro, O.M. Paris: Beauchesne. 1923. 14fr.

Quite recently the Dominican Order celebrated the seventh centenary of its founder's death (1221-1921). In the volume of *Miscellanea Dominicana* published in honour of the occasion (Rome: Ferrari, 1923), pride of place was given to an article by Cardinal Ehrle on the origins of theological teaching in the Order, with special reference to the first Dominican Master of Theology, Roland of Cremona. Father de Carvalho e Castro's volume on St. Bonaventure is the Franciscan pendant to Cardinal Ehrle's article, and the contrast between the two subjects sets one thinking. St. Dominic received the Papal approbation for his Order in 1216.

Two years later, six of his companions had opened a house of studies in Bologna ; as early as 1217 some of the new friars had reached Paris, and August 6, 1218, is the date given by Cardinal Ehrle for the foundation of the famous Couvent de St. Jacques ; Oxford was reached in 1221. The dates show how well St. Dominic understood the needs and purpose of his new Order. If his friars were to be preachers, they must be learned men ; if they were to be learned men, they must be trained in the great Universities of Europe. Bologna, Paris and Oxford were marked out by the saint for conquest as so many vital strategic points on his march.

" Il Poverello " had other methods of storming heaven. Like fire among the reeds, his companions went out from Assisi through the towns and countrysides of Europe, preaching the simplest lessons of the Gospel to the poor, begging their bread or working for their living. There had been nothing like it in history since the days of the Apostles. Learning was an accident among the new friars. If a priest wished to become a Franciscan, he brought his Breviary with him, and his knowledge of the Scriptures. Such " literati " were held in great respect by St. Francis, and he wished that others should share his respect. But what of their studies ? Were they to continue their reading of the Scriptures ? " Yes," said St. Francis, when the question was put to him ; but those who knew no letters were to remain in their ignorance, accepting the Franciscan rule that each man was to serve God according to his vocation. Above all, no house of studies was to be built, no library was to be owned by a Franciscan community. And yet the saint was no sooner out of Italy, on his mission to the Saracens, than Brother Elias and his followers had founded the first *studium* of the Order at Bologna in 1219. Is Sabatier right in his contention that St. Francis was anti-intellectual, and that the Order's later history is contrary to the expressed intention of its founder ?

Brother Giles would certainly have agreed with Sabatier. " Paris, Paris," he cried, when the new intellectual movement was at its height, " thou art destroying the Order of St. Francis " ; and the " Spirituals " were stubborn in their opposition to all forms of study. But there is another side to the question, and Fr. Carvalho e Castro argues in the first portion of his book that the ideal of St. Francis differed only in its accidental circumstances from the ideal of St. Bonaventure. His analysis of the Franciscan rule, with its insistence on the duty of work, is particularly interesting, for St. Bonaventure bases his apologia for theological studies on the letter and spirit of the rule. One fact of history

is more persuasive, however, than the most subtle analysis. After four years of hesitation, St. Francis was at last induced to sanction the new house of studies at Bologna, and to appoint a professor of Scripture. The professor's name was Antony of Padua, and Franciscans may well claim that a movement which was sanctioned by their founder, initiated by St. Antony, and championed by St. Bonaventure, needs no further credentials.

I have given fuller notice to the earlier chapters of Fr. Carvalho e Castro's work, because they deal with a subject which is of very general interest, to none more so than to Irishmen. Take away the Franciscan contribution to Catholic theology, and the School is incomplete. Take away the Franciscan contribution to Irish scholarship, and how much is left? But this new study of St. Bonaventure's teaching is more than an apologia for Franciscan theology. In four chapters, full of quotations from the saint's own works, Father Carvalho e Castro analyses the spirit of St. Bonaventure; and in the last section of his work he defines the relation between philosophy and theology in the Franciscan schools. Students of mediaeval thought and piety will find abundant material in these chapters, and the notes at the foot of every page throw open the whole treasure-house of St. Bonaventure's writings. There is much that I should like to quote: the distinction of *Sapientia* from *Scientia*, for example, with all that it implies, and the saint's advice to students of Scripture. But one quotation must suffice. In his *Legenda S. Francisci* St. Bonaventure tells us that Francis "used to gaze on all that was most beautiful in things beautiful, and thus everywhere pursued his Beloved, following the impress of His footprints in creation, making of all things a ladder whereby to ascend to Him who is wholly desirable; for with a fervour of devotion that is beyond telling he would thus taste the Source of goodness in all creatures." St. Bonaventure's own doctrine of the "Book of Nature," from which we can learn "to see all creation in a single ray of the sun," is due to this same ardour of devotion. Its inspiration is no less plain in the *Contemplatio ad obtinendum amorem* with which St. Ignatius closes his Exercises, and in Blessed Robert Bellarmine's *De ascensione mentis ad Deum*. A. G.

Celtica

CRIOST MAC DE. An t-Athair Peadar Ua Laoghaire do sgríobh. Cuid a h-aon. Baile Atha Cliath: Brún agus Ó Nualláin. 1923. 3*s.* 6*d.* a luach.

Ta an t-Athair Peadar imthighthe uainn ar shlighe na fírinne le cupla bliadhna anois, ach tá toradh a shaothair le fagháil againn

go fóill. I rith na bliadhna 1922, chuireadh an chéad chuid de "Scéalaidheacht as an mBíobla Naomhtha" i gcló. Anois seo chúghainn an chéad chuid de "Chríost Mac Dé." Beatha agus gníomhartha ár dTighearna Iosa Críost, moladh go deo Leis, atá ann. Ní'l de dhánaidheacht ná de mhi-thuigsint ionnam léirmheas a dhéanamh ar Ghaoluinn an Athar Peadar ; ni'l le rádh 'na thaoibh sin ach gurab é an t-Athair Peadar a sgríobh é.

Ach ní thuigim-se céard fá go bhfuil trí sgillinge go leith ar an leabhar. Tá se ro-dhaor ar fad. Tá a fhios agam go maith cad a déarfar i dtaoibh costais cló-bhuailte, agus mar sin de : ach san am chéadna, beidh ar an duine bhocht a cheannuigheann é díol as. Chuireadh i gcló cheana é, freisin, san Síoladoir, agus ba dhóigh le duine go mbéadh sé níos usa é chur amach mar leabhar anois, agus gan an oiread san airgid bheith air. Rud eile dhe, tá deire leis, ag an ochtmhadh caibidiol de'n Soisgéal do réir Mhaitiú, agus tá ocht gcaibidiol ar fhichead san Soisgéal úd. D'á réir sin, bhéadh níos mó ná deich sgillinge le h-íoch as. Is mór an truagh é sin, mar, ach amháin an costas, leabhar ana-áiseach, ana-oireamhneach iseadh é i gcóir na sgoileanna—simplidhe, so-léighte, agus Gaoluinn bhreágh an Athar Peadar ann.

Tugaim-se fé ndeara, freisin, focail mar "brise, chonaic, chuirfadh," i n-ionad "briseadh, chonnaic, chuirfeadh," Cuireann rudaí mar seo isteach go mór ar lúcht foghlumtha na Gaoluinne, agus dar ndóigh, lucht foghlumtha an fhúrmhór dinn. I n-aon teanga eile ar dhruim an domhain, adéarfaidhe ná raibh an teanga i gceart ag duine a sgríobhfadh í fé mar a labhrann sé í. Ach annso i n-Eirinn, nuair a labhrann duine mar seo, sgríobhann sé mar seo é agus duine eile go bhfuil nós eile aige, tá sgríbhinn eile aige dó féin. Tá a fhios agam ná fuil gádh ar aon chor leis an "e" ins an bhfocal "chuirfeadh," do réir daoine áirithe, ach ní sgríobhaimíd "enuff" i n-ionad "enough" i mBéarla, cuir i gcás. Dá mbéadh ar gach sgríobhnóir an Ghaoluinn do mhúineadh, chífadh sé gan ró-mhoill a dheacra is atá an obair gan an deacracht so bheith innti. Ba cheart do gach éinne an nós céadna a bheith aige, agus gan atharu do dhéanamh go dtí go mbeidh scéim nuadh (má's gádh é) ceaptha againn do'n uile sgríobhnóir.

Ní ceart d'aon duine, dá mb'é an t-Athair Peadar féin é, atharu do dhéanamh gan ughdarás. A. Ó F.

AN DOCHARTACH. Fionn Mhac Cumhaill a sgríobh. Sráid Bhaile Dhúin Dealgan : Preas Dhún Dealgan do chuir i gclódh agus do chuir amach. 1924. 2*s.* a luach.

Do sgríobh Fionn an leabhairín seo do Chumann Liteardha

Chúigidh Uladh. Gaedhealg an Chúigidh seo atá ann. Úir-sgéal beag iseadh é ag cur síos ar iodhbarthaíbh agus ar eachtraíbh an Dochartaigh agus an cúiteamh do fuair sé d'á mbárr. Bhí sé 'na cheannphort ar óglachaíbh san mbliadhain 1798 agus nuair bhí an cogadh críochnuighthe chuaidh sé ag seóladh na fairrge móire mar chaptaoin ar bhórd luinge seólaidh. Sgéal taithneamhach iseadh é. Coimeádann sé greim orainn i dtreó nár mhaith linn sgaramhaint leis an leabhar go dtí go bhfuil sé léighte go h-iomlán againn. Tá sé go h-éadtrom, leis, lán d'eachtraíbh, chómh lán san go gcuireann sé i gcuimhne dhúinn na pictiúiri atá le feicsint chómh minic fé láthair. D'á bhrígh sin badh mhaith le buachaillíbh é, agus rud eile tá sé ana-oireamhnach dóibh. Ach nach mór an truagh é nach bhfuil clúmhdach cruaidh air, agus pictiúiri go fairsing tríd, i dtreó gur mhaith leat é d'fheicsint i leabharlannaibh Gaedhealacha na mbuachaillí 'nár sgoileannaibh agus 'nár gcoláistibh.

Maidir leis an sgéal fein, gídh go bhfuil sé taithneamhach, is truagh go bhfuil loiteanna ann. Ní furas creideamhaint a chur san leabhar mar gheall ar na rudaí iongantacha, do-chreidhte a thuiteann amach chómh minic ann. Nach miste dhúinn, anois, ar a laighead, éirighe as na rudaí do-chreidhthe sin. Loiteann siad na sgéalta Gaedhealacha agus ni dóigh lion gur maith le fear an lae indiu, agus go h-áirighthe le buachaillíbh an lae indiu, rudaí do-chreidthe (teacht an churaigh, cuir i gcás), do bheith sna h-úir-sgéaltaibh. Ach ní ceart dúinn bheith ro-chruaidh ar Fhionn, mar nach dual athar dó rudaí iongantacha do dhéanamh, agus iad do dhéanamh go h-iongantach maith. E. de B.

CRIOSTOIR NAOMHTHA AGUS SGEALTA EILE. Éibhlin Ní Airtnéide, M.E., do chuir Gaedhluinn ortha. Baile Atha Cliath: M. H. MacGhuill. 1923. 1*s.* 6*d.* a luach.

Is maith linn an leabhar so agus 'sé ár dtuairim go mbeidh an sgéal céadna ag na caoinibh a léighfidh é. Tá sé sgríobhta go deas, simplidhe, agus mar sin beidh sé ana-oireamhnach mar ádhbhar léightheóireachta do pháistíbh sgoile. Cúig sgéalta d'aistrigheadh ó'n bhFrainncís, atá ann, trí cinn d'amhránaibh, leathanach de mhion-chainnt, trí giotaidhe chomhráidh agus foclóir maith, tábhachtach. Tá na sgéalta toghtha go maith agus gidh go mbéadh aithne aca ar chuid des na sgéaltaibh cheana, ar an gcéad cheann, cuir i gcás, cuirfidh na páistí suim ionnta. Ní éigean a rádh go mbeidh siad sásta le "Róisín Dubh" agus le "Bán-Chnuic Éireann Ó," ach b'fhéidir nach ndéanfadh miniu beag i dtosach an dáin, aon díoghbháil do "Dhán Pheadair Seoighe." Tá na comhráidh bríoghmhar, nádúrtha, agus tá sean-fhocla measctha go deas ionnta.

Cé go bhfuil an mhion-chainnt go maith ní éigean é do chur isteach i leabhar de'n tsaghas seo. Má's do pháistíbh an leabhar tá easba ann, sé sin cúpla pictiúir. C. S.

SCEUL NA h-EIREANN. An t-Athair Pádraig Mac Giolla Cheara do sgríobh. Baile Átha Cliath: M. H. MacGhuill. 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.* a luach.

Do sgríobhadh an leabhar so i gcóir na bpáistí, agus d'éirigh leis an úghdar é sin do dhéanamh go maith. Tá an Ghaedhealg go simplidhe agus tiocfaidh sé le léightheóir go bhfuil beagán Gaedhilge aige é do léigheamh gan mórán deacrachta. 'Sé an t-ainm atá ar an leabhar ná "Sgeul na h-Éireann" agus má's sgéal cogadh, clampar, agus trioblóid amhain, sgéal na h-Éireann, tá an sgéal san tugtha dúinn ag an Athair Pádraig. Ach ní mar sin a bhí, tá taobh eile leis an sgéal, agus ní thráchtann sé thar an taoibh sin ar chor ar bith. Tugann sé dúinn cúntas beag ar na mainistreacha ach ní'l aon chur síos aige ar an obair a bhíodh ar siubhail ionnta. Ní labhrann sé ar bheathaidh choitchinn na ndaoine, ar a mbéasaibh, ná ar a nósaibh, ná ar an deifrigheacht a bhí eatorra agus na daoine a bhíodh ag troid leó. Mar sin tar éis an leabhair bheith léighte aca, ba dhóigh leis na páistíbh gur fíor an rud atá curtha 'nár gcoinne le náimhdibh ar dtíre nach rabhamar de shíor ach ag clampar agus ag troid. Tá an leabhar cló-bhuailte go deas, agus ní'l an luach ró-mhór, rud is annamh do leabhar sgríobhta as Gaedhilg. B'fhéidir go gcuirfheadh na páistí níos mó suime 'sa leabhar dá mbéadh cúpla léirsgáil agus cúpla pictiúir ann. C. S.

Economics

THE REPARATIONS PLAN. By H. G. Moulton. New York and London: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1924. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS essay by Mr. Moulton, prepared with the assistance of the Institute of Economics, is designed as an explanation and a criticism of the reports of the now famous expert committees on German indebtedness. The first part of the book is expository, and is marked by the lucidity of thought and expression that is to be found in all the volumes of this series. Emphasis is laid on the opinion of the Dawes Committee regarding the intimate connection between the currency, the budget, and the foreign trade aspects of the German problem. It is by reason of the intimacy of this connection that the Committee insisted that its recommendations, if adopted at all, must be adopted in their entirety. We need not accompany Mr. Moulton through his admirable analysis of the report, which is by now familiar to all students

of public affairs. Both the report itself and Mr. Moulton's descriptive analysis will well repay study; they are excellent examples of how the science of economics can be used in the solution of the practical affairs of life. The distinction drawn between the means necessary for raising the reparations payments in Germany and that necessary for transferring these sums, when raised, to the creditor nations would be impossible if it were not for the researches of generations of economic theorists. The dismal science has justified itself in these post-war discussions.

Mr. Moulton is not altogether satisfied with the experts' reports, and he consequently devotes the second part of his essay to a criticism of their recommendations. He thinks that the estimate of German revenue is unduly sanguine, and points out that some of the sources of revenue which are anticipated are counted twice over. He further considers that the reports over-estimate the possibility of German trade recovering so as to produce the export surplus necessary to make the reparation payments effective. He finally questions the utility of the reports on the ground that they fail to deal with many of the most important questions involved, although he admits that this failure is principally due to defective terms of reference. He points out that there is no mention of the total sum to be paid and that the liability of Germany is therefore indefinite and perpetual, that no account is taken of the payments already made, that nothing is said about the sanctions to be employed in the event of default, and that the problem of the inter-allied debts is left completely out of consideration. The real value of the report, he concludes, is theoretical rather than practical. It lays down sound principles for the solution of the reparations problem, but fails to indicate sufficiently how these principles are to be carried into effect.

Of course the greater part of this criticism must be looked on as out-of-date, seeing that the Dawes Report has already been adopted by the principal parties concerned, and that most of the matters above referred to as having been left out of consideration are provided for in the London Agreement. How far the experts' plan will succeed in practice remains to be seen, but it cannot be forgotten that it has been adopted with one of its most essential provisions altered, namely that the economic and industrial integrity of Germany should be fully restored. This condition was regarded as vital by the framers of the report, as also was the condition that their recommendations should be adopted in their entirety or not at all; and it will be interesting to see what results will follow from this triumph of political compromise over economic expediency.

G. O'B.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LABOUR PROBLEMS. By Gordon S. Watkins. London: Harrap. 1922. 10s. 6d.

THIS book is a scientific treatise on a set of problems that deserve and have long demanded scientific analysis. It is, however, something more than a competent text-book on a difficult branch of economics. The questions it deals with come home too closely to men's business and bosoms for them not to have a very actual interest for most of us. We are gradually realising that the lurid, tragic side of the Bolshevist movement in Russia was more the result of sheer ignorance than of anything else: an ignorance of how to remedy the social wrongs which some, at least, of the Bolshevist leaders were sincerely desirous of remedying. And blind ignorance, in this as in so many other instances, led to panic, confusion, bloodshed. Every strike that holds up our industries makes us more conscious of our absolute helplessness, which comes from our want of knowledge. The spectacle of an ineffectual Labour Government ruling the British Empire and at their wits' end to know what to do with the little power they have, is convincing people that there is something still to be learned about Labour Problems: more especially, as it was the very members of that Government who, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, have been the most glib with solutions for any and every problem that could arise.

Mr. Watkins divides his book into three parts: history, analysis, criticism. The historical portion is a brief but clear account of the development of the various labour problems of to-day. The analysis of the problems themselves will probably cause the average reader to be astonished at the complexity of the "labour question." The standard of living, unequal distribution of wealth, wage determination, hours of labour, unemployment, waste, output, are some of the chapters of this portion of the work. The author has evidently wide knowledge and experience as well as a logical and impartial mind, and his conclusions are eminently sane. An "actual 8-hour day," not a "basic 8-hour day"; the standard of life known in American statistical jargon as the "health, decency and comfort" standard; the reduction of unemployment by employment; the substitution of "the humanity concept in place of the commodity concept of labour" in settling wages; these are some of the conclusions which careful examination of the problems has suggested.

The third portion of the book is occupied by a critical survey and evaluation of the various agencies and methods that have

been employed in the effort to find a solution for labour problems. Co-operation, insurance, socialism, shop committees, trade unions and a dozen similar agencies come up for judgment, and we cannot but admire the way Mr. Watkins conducts his investigations and the soundness of his conclusions. His former book on co-operation, *A Study in Constructive Economic Reform*, was a work of considerable merit, and we are glad to see once again the expression of his faith in this movement. "The ideal of co-operation," he writes, "will always survive because it is founded upon the finest principle of human conduct—mutual service. Moreover, it constitutes one of the most rational methods of economic re-adjustment." Finally, Mr. Watkins is a good economist because he is not a materialistic one: economic theories based on a materialistic philosophy of life are always false. E. J. C.

RUSSIAN DEBTS AND RUSSIAN RECONSTRUCTION. By Leo Pasvolsky and Harold G. Moulton. New York and London: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1924. 12s. 6d.

The publications of the American Institute of Economics, which are of a uniformly high standard, are the best studies in applied economics that we know. The great fundamental laws of economic science are carefully stated and explained, and are then applied to the facts of a particular case. The questions connected with German reparations have already been dealt with in this manner, and the present volume applies the same method of treatment to the Russian debt problem. It contains a great mass of historical and statistical information lucidly arranged and graphically presented, and is an addition of undoubted value to the literature of European reconstruction.

The authors begin with the assumption that Russia will never be set on her feet again unless she obtains extensive credits from abroad, and the problem which they attempt to solve is whether the granting of such credits is feasible so long as the existing Russian foreign obligations are recognized. In other words, they ask whether Russian credit has not already been pledged to the utmost limit of its capacity, and whether the financial world can reasonably be expected to extend accommodation to a nation already so deeply involved. The capacity of any country to pay its foreign debts depends on both budgetary and commercial considerations; there must be not only an annual surplus of revenue over expenditure sufficient to meet both interest and sinking fund charges, but there must also be a trade balance so favourable as to admit of this surplus sum being transmitted to the foreign

creditors. The situation of Russia in regard to these two requirements, before and during the war, is examined very fully and carefully, and the conclusion is reached that at no time in the present century has Russia been really solvent so as to satisfy these tests. The situation as regards the future is next examined. Estimates are made of future Russian budgets and of the probable course of Russian trade, and the depressing conclusion arrived at is that it will be quite impossible for Russia to pay interest on her existing foreign debts and on the new loans which will be absolutely indispensable for her economic recovery. This being so, the only thing to be done is to declare the old debts cancelled or to subject them to an indefinite moratorium.

This solution will no doubt be extremely welcome in Russia, and will be no less unwelcome to the thousands of Russian bondholders all over the world. The authors of the present book are, however, not concerned with the popularity or unpopularity of the results at which they arrive. They treat a scientific subject in a strictly abstract scientific manner, and we must say that, assuming their statistics to be accurate, it is impossible to controvert their conclusions. Their outlook for the future of Europe is, it must be confessed, somewhat dark and gloomy; but it cannot, unfortunately, be said to be wrong on that account. One point on which they insist is that the recovery of Russia and the recovery of Germany must advance side by side. These two countries are most important customers of one another, and, while either of them continues bankrupt and prostrate, the other can never hope to be prosperous. G. O'B.

French Literature

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Kathleen T. Butler. Vol. I.—From the Earliest Times to 1789. Vol. II.—1789 to 1914. London: Methuen. 1923. 10s. 6d. each.

THIS is quite one of the best histories of French literature that we have seen in English. The information it contains is carefully and laboriously gathered, the book is compendious, and—as is not always the case with such manuals—extremely readable. The author apologizes for adding to the number of manuals already in existence by pointing out that her book will "in a measure indicate the influence on French literature of historical events, social conditions, and the general movement of ideas." This is quite essential, as every teacher finds out by experience; and the necessary background has to be painted in with colours gathered here and there, which are blended, and the light and shade distributed, often

arbitrarily enough. In this case the author is well-read and large-minded. In some places it is true, and it is a pity, that she accepts and repeats too readily current or once-current ideas, such as the inclusion of Gassendi among the *libertins*, and the concurrence in Pascal's view of the Jesuits and casuistry ; while her fair mindedness impels her to remind readers " that this kind of casuistry arose first in Spain, where a refusal of absolution would have delivered the sinner into the hands of the Inquisition ! "

The otherwise excellent and informative chapters on the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are marred here and there by similar misunderstandings. Scholasticism, for instance, is on the whole appreciatively described as a great movement—but for its time. It is a little fallacious too to segregate in early French literature features due to the Church as distinguished from the laity ; to draw general conclusions from picturesque medieval legends ; or to imagine the medieval period to have been lacking in joy of life.

With regard to the actual information conveyed about French literature, it is industriously compiled, and quite free from delusive attempts at originality and viewiness. The volume on the nineteenth century is most interesting, and the durable effects of Romanticism justify the large space devoted to it. The later movements are more summarily treated. The chapter on Renan and Taine seems to *date* a little. In the treatment of some earlier periods there is a certain lack of proportion ; *e.g.* Bossuet gets three meagre pages, and La Bruyère eight.

There are on the whole too many quotations from other critics, however authoritative : in the last resort the writer of a manual must either endorse or not endorse them. In the case of highly contentious personalities like that of Voltaire, to quote conflicting verdicts only leads to confusion of thought *unless there be enough analysis of subject-matter and principle to show how the conflict is arrived at.*

But pending the production of the perfect introduction in English to the history of French literature, we are grateful for one which goes such a long was to facilitate and enliven a study that is often exceptionally dull and arid because of the very abundance of matter that has to be compressed within reasonable limits.

M. R.

LA FEMME DE JUDAS. Par Albert Malaurié. Paris : Grasset. 15th edition, 1924. 6fr.. 50.

In spite of a deeply-rooted suspicion, not to say dislike, of fiction based on the sacred text of the New Testament, this little book,

pervaded by a suggestive, ironic realism, is reverent enough, strong enough and possible enough to make one read it. Judas, handicapped by a lonely and loveless upbringing, and by a somewhat forbidding personality, falls under the spell of Christ's sweetness one evening near Capharnaum, as he joins a crowd that hangs on the divine words:

> The sun, scorching hot all day, was going down; the hillsides were suffused with pink and purple; the lake, bathed in light, was like a great cup of gold; a slight breeze was blowing from the northern shore; turtle-doves were cooing and blackbirds singing lustily; the smell of the lemon-trees was in the air. Men and women, all tired after a hot, hard day, sat crowded together on the grass, and their tense faces shone with the light of the setting-sun, and their half-opened mouths seemed to be drinking in the word. In the middle of the crowd Jesus, clad in white, was sitting on the stump of an old fig-tree, and seemed to be talking familiarly.

Judas approaches the Master, and thereafter lives for a while on the memory of what he has heard, expecting a summons to the apostolate. But he makes an ordinary happy marriage, and the conflict between domestic happiness and the higher call is not long in coming. What right, the reader asks at this point, has the author to suppose so cruel a position? For Judas is obliged really to neglect wife and child.

But granting the position, the practical Lia develops a strange facility for compromise, for devising ways to serve two masters. And Judas is not strong enough to withstand her. Her triumph, and that of the author, is in the scene where by clever argument and appeal she brings him into contact with Annas and so leads him to the betrayal. The really tragic note is struck, not in the piteous struggle of Judas or his despair, but in the ironical picture of the "incurably sensible" Lia, who quite fails to understand Christ; and who, when all was over, went back to Capharnaum "where she found everything in order, and where her servant faithfully restored her house and property. She brought up her son in wisdom and piety, and taught him to increase his riches. And she lived happy and respected." M. R.

History

THE STORY OF THE IRISH NATION. By Francis Hackett. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1924. 6s. net.

THE present volume tells the story of Ireland from its misty beginning to the present year of grace (1924). It tells it in 391 not very large pages, and aims at telling it with some completeness. The author, from a literary point of view at all events, is at his

best when he deals with the early centuries. The known events are there few, and of even the most prominent personages details are lacking. It is possible to pause and indulge in bits of description; to tell the reader something of Maeve's "pillow-talk"; to quote short passages from contemporary prose or verse. Gradually, however, the pace quickens, men and women, wars and treaties flash by; we reach at length the 20th century rather breathless and rather confused. If a narrative merely had been wholly or chiefly intended, it would have been better and have left a clearer impression, we fancy, if minor happenings had been omitted and attention concentrated on those of real importance.

In his last hundred pages or so, however, the author is frequently rather a commentator than a narrator. Many of his remarks will prove illuminating or give food for thought to those already acquainted with the main facts of Irish history during the period treated. Others may be rather puzzled.

Sometimes condensation leads to statements being made which are misleading or positively inaccurate. Two instances may be given from the account of the famous "Veto Controversy" of the early 19th century. On page 233 we read: "At Maynooth in 1799 the four archbishops and six bishops agreed . . . . to grant the Government a right of veto over all future episcopal appointments." Anyone not acquainted with the number of Sees in Ireland might well receive the impression that this agreement was an official act of the entire Irish hierarchy, instead of being, as it was, a declaration of the episcopal trustees of Maynooth College, to whom no authority to speak for the rest of the Irish bishops had been given by anybody. Again (page 247) it is asserted that "the Catholic hierarchy . . . . defied even the Vatican on the subject of the Veto." They did nothing of the sort. The Pope indeed recommended the Irish bishops to agree to a kind of very modified veto, if the British Government insisted on imposing one as a condition for granting the removal of Catholic disabilities. He, however, added that, if they chose, they could reject any veto at all. Of this permission they availed themselves.

At times, one has to complain of the omission of facts which, if stated, would much alter the picture or lead us to a conclusion different from that at which, in their absence, we arrive. Thus, in the account of the Cromwellian Settlement, it is nowhere clearly stated that it was the landowners only who were generally "transplanted." The small tenants and labourers, the great majority of the population of the three planted provinces, remained,

as a rule, where they were. One gets a notion of tens of thousands flying from every county. The latest authorities hold that only about 50,000 persons were actually moved into Connaught.

So too, if we were reminded of the continental complications in which the British Government was involved during the last decade of the 19th century, we might pause before adopting what is evidently Mr. Hackett's view—that Pitt desired and worked for an Irish *rebellion* in 1798. That he wished for a certain amount of disturbance in the country, so as to promote a pro-Union feeling, is no doubt true.

O'Connell, as earlier and in a less degree Grattan, our author seems to undervalue. The "Liberator's" failings are made prominent; his merits are kept in the background. The fact that he first organised the masses of the people, and so prepared the instruments for the hands of those who came after him, is ignored. If O'Connell had been satisfied to endure "the acute loneliness of a departure from the mob" (page 246), how could he have achieved anything material? This "mob" was the Irish Catholic nation of his day, and only by it and through his influence on it could he work.

The sketch of the Parnell movement and of the rise of Sinn Fein are amongst the best parts of the book, although the actual political standpoint of Parnell is not very clearly stated, and, relying on Mr. Hackett alone, a reader might well remain in doubt as to how far his aims in the direction of absolute independence for Ireland extended.

The pretty frequent use of what one is inclined to describe as slang will perhaps grate on the ear and rather offend the taste of some readers on this side of the Atlantic, particularly when the events and personages treated of belong to a period relatively remote.

Some of the portraits are certainly not things of beauty and, regarding several of those of men of our own time, it can be said positively that they are not good likenesses either. Patrick Pearse and Roger Casement have been particularly badly treated. Parnell and Michael Collins have fared better. M. T. H.

THE UNIATE EASTERN CHURCHES. By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D. Edited by George D. Smith, D.D. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

DR. FORTESCUE, whose works on *The Orthodox Eastern Church* (C.T.S., 3rd edition, 1911) and *The Lesser Eastern Churches* (C.T.S., 1913) are well known to Catholic students, intended to complete

the series by a third work, of which the volume under review gives us the first, incomplete half. Death interrupted the plan last year; and Dr. Smith, one of Dr. Fortescue's colleagues at St. Edmund's, has edited the manuscript as it was left by the author. Of the four parts into which the work was to have been divided—the Byzantine Uniates (Italo-Greeks, Melkites and Ruthenians), who correspond to the schismatic Orthodox Church; the Chaldees, who are converts from Nestorianism; the various Uniates (Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians, Armenians and Malabar Uniates), who are converts from one or other of the Monophysite sects; and the Maronites, who have no schismatical counterpart—we have only the principal portion of Part I.; but, as this first part was to have occupied two-thirds of the entire work, we have before us roughly half the material planned by Dr. Fortescue before his death. For the missing parts, we have only the elaborate bibliographies which the author had drawn up for his own use, and which Dr. Smith has wisely decided to print in full: they will be a boon to all serious students of the subject.

The volume, even in its incomplete form, is extraordinarily rich in interesting material. An introductory chapter is entitled "Concerning Uniates in General"; and here Dr. Fortescue shows a gift for clear and readable exposition, all the more welcome when applied to so complicated a subject. Most Catholics have a vague idea that there exist certain Uniate Churches in the East which they regard as so many anomalies, tolerated by the Chruch for the sake of compromise. Dr. Fortescue shows how these venerable survivals of what once were the four Patriarchates of the East represent an all-important principle of the Catholic Church: that differences of rite have nothing to do with schism or heresy. His account of the historical causes which led to the formation of these "Uniate" Churches (the word, as he points out, is comparatively modern); his argument that language is unimportant in ecclesiastical history when compared with differences of ritual; his account of Papal policy in this matter, always anxious to maintain liberty, when not incompatible with unity; his plea for a more intelligent interest in the position of the Uniates, and his attack on current Western prejudices: all this is deeply interesting in itself, and of real importance now that men are once more beginning to talk of Reunion. Protestants who complain of "Roman" intolerance should contrast Papal policy towards these Eastern Uniates with the tyrannical attitude of the Byzantine patriarchs. Tolerance has always been a sign of Rome's vitality.

After this introductory chapter, Dr. Fortescue enters on the

main section of his work: his account of the Italo-Greek Uniates of the Byzantine rite. The two chapters which he devotes to this subject (140 pages in all) have a personal interest. In a footnote to p. 150 we are told that the author first became interested in the history of Greek liturgy when as a student in Rome he paid a visit to Grottaferrata, the Italo-Greek monastery just outside the walls of Rome where Italo-Greek traditions have always been maintained, and where the old Byzantine liturgy is still carried out in full. It was, too, from a monk of Grottaferrata that he first learned to speak Greek; and the elaborate account of Italo-Greek history here published is Dr. Fortescue's payment of this long-standing debt. It has evidently been written *con amore*; and the short account of the Melkite Church in Syria which concludes the volume in its present incomplete form, interesting though it is, lacks the note of personal enthusiasm apparent in the earlier chapters.

Indeed, it is a fascinating story as told by Dr. Fortescue. Greeks, Italians, Lombards, Normans, Saracens, Albanians: all play their part in that incongruous history which survives to-day only at Grottaferrata, in the Greek College at Rome, and in a few scattered Albanian villages of Southern Italy and Sicily. It was a world in which the Emperor Frederick II. could rule over a kingdom where Saracens jostled side by side with Christians, both Greek and Latin, often their superiors in wealth and culture; in which Rome and Byzantium met on equal terms and struggled for ecclesiastical supremacy; in which language was the symbol of age-long traditions, until finally a medley of tongues arose, magistrates styling themselves "Protonobilissimi," whilst the king signed with the title Ῥήξ. Similar confusion was inevitable in the world of liturgy, and Dr. Fortescue, ardent liturgist that he was, writes with pain and horror of the mongrel ritual which was for long the fashion in Italo-Greek churches. To-day, these solecisms have been abolished by order of Leo XIII.; both Grottaferrata and the Greek College are now purists in Byzantine ceremonial. In the College this reform was due to Benedictine superiors, who took over from the Jesuits in 1897. Dr. Fortescue, who gives an interesting history of this institution, once the home of Allatius and Arcudius, speaks severely of the Jesuit administration. Some of his statements amount to a charge of bad faith: we think such statements should either have been proved or omitted. Others refer to details of liturgy, and here Dr. Fortescue is probably right: Jesuits have never been sticklers for the niceties of liturgy, whether Greek or Roman.

In conclusion, now that death has cut short Dr. Fortescue's labours, it is fitting that we should express our respect for the

memory of a scholar who gave us so many good things in the past, and whose genial erudition will long be a model for Catholic students. May he rest in peace. A. G.

A GUIDE TO WORLD HISTORY. By Andrew Reid Cowan. London: Longmans. 1923. 8° pp. 424. 15s. net.

THE objects of this book, as set forth on its jacket, are :—

1. To indicate in summary fashion *all* the fundamental principles necessary in evaluating world-history.

2. To *apply* these principles in unusually comprehensive fashion by treating Japan, China, India, Persia, America, etc., as prominently as the classical cultures that have too often practically monopolised the stage.

3. By a substantially novel method of assembling facts into periods to induce a *sense of simultaneousness* lacking in other histories.

4. So to link up principles and details that readers intent upon exploring areas not charted by the author may haply find the book to act as a *compass* in their individual ventures.

On reading this resumé of the author's own preface, I was at once reminded of Oswald Spengler's *Downfall of the West*, the main ideas of which I have endeavoured to explain to the readers of STUDIES in the September number of last year. The present work suffers, I must admit, from the comparison it challenges. For though Spengler's two weighty volumes are erroneous in many ways and based upon what I believe to be a wholly wrong-headed philosophy, they are at least a wonderful literary achievement and stimulate thought even where they provoke contradiction. The French have a very expressive phrase to describe a master of the literary art. They say he is *un écrivain de race*. Herr Spengler is such a writer; Mr. A. E. Cowan is not. On the contrary the word that kept continually recurring to my mind, as I read his pages, was "amateurish." His style (and is not style the man himself ?) is certainly that of an amateur. He seems to feel there is something lacking in this respect, for he tells us: "It should also perhaps be explained that the author has been less concerned with style than with such scientific precision of statement as he could command." (Preface, p. VII.); and he describes his volume as "a work informed with rigour rather than rhetoric" (Preface p. VIII.). No one will quarrel with this principle in itself. We can dispense with the subtle artistry of a Newman, or the grace and felicity of an Addison or a Goldsmith, in one who has very important things to impart. But I doubt if it quite excuses the frequent lapses into something perilously akin to slang, and the equally frequent usage of out-of-the-way words which are not the

technical terms of any science but the unfamiliar verbiage of a dialect.

Further our author is not always successful in avoiding rhetoric ; he is only unhappy and inelegant in his attempts at it. I leave the reader to decide what judgment he will pass on the following :—

"Women sometimes ruled the roast (*sic*) as queens" (p. 21), "The Persians who are voted 'Aryans' and that too of a 'crack' type" (p. 44). "Later some of them . . . . cut a not inconspicuous part in history" (p. 64), "shelters from human predaceousness" (p. 71, spelt elsewhere 'predaciousness' and replaced at times by 'predatoriness'). "For while the celestial is the 'toughest customer' on earth, it is common ground that the ryot is the 'weediest'" (p. 74). "If mechanism has advanced, morality has regressed" (p. 77). "The marvels of the Iliad and the Odyssey are tolerable, but those of the Ramayana are 'beyond all whooping'" (p. 79, footnote). "But the ultimate result may have been highly beneficial since progress is so richly by way of not too disparate culture contacts" (p. 89). "When the French Revolution gave nationality a completely sharp edge and democratic sloth a shog, the *coup de grâce* was given to the European simulacrum" (p. 93). "The poetry of Robert Burns even has a marked nucleating power among Scotsmen" (p. 1-10). "We have no metewand of happiness to work out our social comparisons" (p. 405).

To call attention to these blemishes might well be accounted hypercritical if other qualities in the work redeemed them. But they hardly do so. The philosophy underlying it is nearly as amateurish as the style, and the knowledge displayed, though considerable enough in its way, is nowhere the knowledge of a specialist. Spengler was able to give a certain unity of conception to two massive tomes because he possessed a clearly defined thesis to work out. I cannot discover what precisely is the thesis of this "Guide to World-History." I find the thinking often confused, the statement of it nearly always couched in conjectural form, the facts often enough highly questionable. Indeed on p. 46 he tells us that the code of Khammurabi "was elaborated some twenty-five hundred years before the time of Christ," and on p. 55 : "Later (about 2,300 B.C.) we come to the now grand figure of Khammurabi." The reign of Kammurabi has been fixed with an approach to certainty by the German Jesuits Kugler and Hontheim as 2123-2080 B.C. If it be too much to expect knowledge of this isolated fact from one who has so much to envisage, at least he ought not within 10 pages shift "the grand figure" through two centuries.

Yet it would be unjust not to recognise the many merits of the book also. The problems dealt with are fascinating, if elusive. The author displays an unflagging enthusiasm for his subject and a refreshing freedom from narrowness and prejudice, though I think he is a little unfair to the Spaniards in America and somewhat

misinformed as to their methods of proselytism. He is refreshingly sceptical about received historical judgments, and sets us reexamining many accepted theories. Unlike Spengler he finds the growth of culture and civilisation more conditioned by geography, climate, soil, *milieu* than by qualities in the blood of the race. For him civilisation has two great enemies—unpropitious local environment and the malignity of men. Much that he says on these points is acute and interesting. The struggle with nomadism is for him the turning point in any given civilisation. If the nomad prevails civilisation disappears, if he is defeated it progresses in spite of much meaningless folly and ferocity among the civilised themselves. Gunpowder alone, according to him, finally defeated the nomad; and as Europe was the first to apply it to warfare, though China had discovered it earlier, European civilisation attained a world supremacy. This view, he tells us, is his own discovery, suggested by a hint from Voltaire. Doubtless there is something in it. But as an ultimate explanation is it not *trop simpliste*, as he himself would say?

In conclusion I can only recommend the reader to consult the work itself. He may be irritated occasionally by very marked literary mannerisms, and he will hesitate before accepting many of the novel speculations. But he will find himself rewarded by not a few suggestive ideas and by historical perspectives that, if they do not quite guide him through the maze of world-history, will clear the tangled copse from some of its bye-paths. To the author's credit it must be admitted that he allows us every liberty to differ from him. He is an enthusiast, but not a dogmatist, and has the rare courage to confess ignorance and to insist frequently upon the fallible and conjectural nature of his speculations.

P. J. Gannon.

Music

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS. Part I. Edited by Sir Richard Terry, Mus.D., Organist of Westminster Cathedral. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1923. 3s.

It is quite fitting that the well known Organist of Westminster Cathedral should present a volume of Old Christmas Carols selected from those sung during Christmas-tide in that beautiful basilica. The little book now before us is a first instalment, containing thirty-six carols—all, with one exception, of the folk type, and thus eminently suitable for congregational singing. The harmonies, too, are all, with a few exceptions, by the Editor, and are skilfully arranged for popular use.

Prefaced to each Carol is a brief note regarding author and source.

It is to be regretted that these notes are not fuller. A little patient research would obviate the numerous cases of sources given as : "Words and Melody traditional." Nor are we altogether satisfied with the many excerpts from *Piae Cantiones* of 1582, when the Catholic originals could easily have been procured. Equally objectionable is the adaptation of "A babe is born" (No. 26) to "Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht" (Nuremburg, 1676).

No fewer than four Irish folk melodies are drawn on, two of them being variants of "The foggy dew." Although the Editor marks "The First Nowell" as "Old English Carol : Words and Melody traditional," it is absolutely certain that the tune is Irish, and was printed as such by Leveridge in 1700.

Not many popular choirs will venture to tackle "I know a flower," with its ponderous harmonies by Michael Praetorius, and its change of rhythms from 2/2 to 3/2. Similarly, No. 29, "Great is Our Lord Jesus' Name" by Praetorius, will not find favour with average country choirs ; while No. 31, "Verbum Caro factum est," with its free rhythm, will require very careful singing if sung in four-part harmony.

However, as a first instalment, the present volume should prove acceptable to carol singers, and we trust that a second instalment will soon appear. Carols of the folk type are to be encouraged, and it is a good plan to have the alternate verses sung in harmony. But, we should also like to see popularised Byrd's "Lullaby my sweet little Baby," "Be still my blessed Babe," "This day Christ was born," "From Virgin's womb this day is born," and "Rejoice, rejoice"—noble compositions by that great Catholic Tudor composer.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

PALEOGRAPHIE MUSICALE. Les principaux manuscrits de chant grégorien, ambrosien, mozarabe, gallican, publiés en fac-similés phototypiques sous la direction de Dom André Mocquereau, Moine de Solesmes. Nos. 104–113. Tournai : Desclée. 1922-1924. 75*fr.* par an.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our musical readers to this monumental work, now in its 28th year. *Paléographie Musicale* was solely due to the efforts of Dom Mocquereau, O.S.B. It was founded by him to dissipate the vulgarised Ratisbon liturgical music books and to prove, beyond doubt, that all the ancient MSS. gave evidence in favour of the Solesmes tradition. He applied to the study of the Gregorian melodies "the principles of the historic method in the same way as they are used by the Ecole des Chartres and the Collège de France in their most arduous labours" (Combarien).

Beginning with No. 104, Dom Mocquereau gives the text of Codex F. 160 of the Worcester Cathedral Library, dating from the 13th century—namely the Monastic Antiphonary of Worcester. Each number as far as No. 113 contains an account of the text, with full apparatus, and enriched with numerous facsimiles.

The best English traditional version of the Gregorian Chant was preserved at Worcester, a See founded in 680; and the Antiphonary now reproduced by Dom Mocquereau is, most probably, the one written for the consecration of the new Cathedral in 1218. The first Benedictine bishop to occupy the See came from Whitby, and it is probable that he introduced the Celtic Liturgy; but in after years the reform of the Abbey of Corbie was adopted, and hence it may safely be stated that this unique Worcester choir book represents the form of the Roman chant as sung at Corbie.

It only remains to add that the printing of both the text and the facsimiles is admirable, and quite worthy of the house of Desclée and Cie. The annual subscription for four numbers is 75 francs.

W. H. Grattan Flood.

Religion.

LA ASUNCION DE MARIA EN LA IGLESIA ESPANOLA (siglos V-XI). Por el P. Mauricio Gordillo, S.J. Madrid. Editorial: La Estrella del Mar. 1922.

DIE LEIBLICHE HIMMELFAHRT MARIAE. Historisch-dogmatisch nach ihrer Definierbarkeit beleuchtet von Dr. Johann Ernst. Regensburg. 1921. Mk. 1.20

Before the adjournment of the Vatican Council nine memorials signed by 192 Fathers were laid before the assembly, requesting that the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven should be formally defined as an article of Catholic Faith. No action was then taken, but enthusiastic supporters of the proposal, especially in Latin countries, did not lose courage at the failure. The saintly Archbishop Spinola of Seville used his influence with Leo XIII in favour of definition; the International Marian congresses have always been active in the same sense; and quite recently, in June, 1920, the bishops of Jugoslavia sent a combined *Petitum* to the Holy See in support of the same cause. In France certain sections of the laity seem to have become eager workers in the movement, and there, too, the most important theological treatise on the subject has been produced (Dom Paul Renaudin, O.S.B.—*De la définition dogmatique de l' Assomption de la T. S. Vierge*, Angers, 1900; Paris, 1907, 1912). It may, therefore, be regarded as certain that the matter will appear on the agenda whenever the Vatican Council reassembles.

Father Gordillo's book treats of the Assumption in Spain in the period between the conversion of the Visigoth king Recaredo (A.D. 589) and the abolition of the Mozarabic rite in the peninsula (A.D. 1085). The author talks round his subject with much erudition, edification and eloquence. As an outspoken "asuncionista" he does all he can to show that early mediaeval Spain held a similar view, pressing with exquisite violence copious confirmation of his thesis from neutral and even from hostile sources. The Mozarabic liturgy and calendars, the leading Spanish churchmen, like St. Ildephonsus of Toledo, St. Isidore of Seville and St. Martin of León, relics, statues and churches are all called upon to contribute their quota of testimony. A strict historian would perhaps conclude from the evidence offered that the bodily assumption of Our Lady into heaven was taught pretty generally in Spain from the ninth century onwards.

The German writer approaches the subject more from the dogmatic angle, though his historical sketch of the development of the belief is also excellent. That the Blessed Virgin's grave was found empty is a very ancient tradition, precisely how ancient it is difficult to tell. The explanation of this phenomenon by the assumption of the holy body into heaven appears, on the other hand, at a much later date. Its origin can be traced to a tract entitled "De Transitu S. Mariae," attributed to St. Melito of Sardes (who died before A.D. 194), but belonging in reality to the fourth century. According to this account the Blessed Virgin died in Jerusalem in presence of the Apostles, who were carried miraculously through the air to be present at the death-bed. The body was then buried in the garden of Gethsemane, but immediately restored to life and translated to Paradise by our Divine Lord. The tract, being obviously fantastic in character, was condemned in Rome as apocryphal and numbered among the books "qui non recipiuntur"; this, however, did not prevent it from enjoying great success and great influence in the early middle ages. St. Gregory of Tours, St. Andrew of Crete and St. John Damascene are amongst the writers who draw on it for details of the Blessed Virgin's end. The Fathers, especially those who ought to have known, like St. Epiphanius, St. Ephraem, and St. Jerome, are ignorant of such a tradition. Neither do the liturgies give much help, for in the oldest the feast is styled *Κοίμησις*, Dormitio, Depositio, Pausatio, Transitus, Natalis, Assumptio, more or less indiscriminately; indeed in the Roman Breviary, as it existed from the 13th century to the reform of St. Pius V, the following words occur in the Lectio of the second nocturn for August 15th:

" Multi nostrorum dubitant utrum assumpta fuerit (B.V.M.) simul cum corpore an abierit corpore relicto." The writer also shows that amongst all theologians of name from the 6th to the 17th centuries the doctrine of the Assumption was qualified as an " opinio pia et probabilis," the only exception being Ambrose Catharinus, who considered it an article of faith. Nor does the German theologian forget to mention that, even if the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin could be traced with certainty back to apostolic times, the further step of proving that it belonged to the " depositum fidei " would have to be taken before it could be declared an article of defined faith. Dom Renaudin attempts to establish such a proof by selecting a number of types from the Old Testament (the Ark of the Covenant, Burning Bush, etc.), and showing how from the teaching of the Fathers these could be regarded as figures of the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Dr. Ernst, having compelled himself with some difficulty to take this typological-patristic argument seriously, devotes a large section of his book to its refutation. Taking everything into consideration the author concludes that we have as yet no grounds for departing from the attitude adopted by Suarez, who declared that the " Assumptio Mariae " was not " de fide " because " neque est ab Ecclesia definita, nec est testimonium Scripturae, aut sufficiens traditio quae infallibilem faciat fidem." J. R.

GRUNDFRAGEN DER KIRCHLICHEN MYSTIK. Von Dr. Engelbert Krebs. Freiburg: Herder. 1921. 260 pp.

WESEN UND GRUNDLAGEN DER KATHOLISCHEN MYSTIK. Von Martin Grabmann. Munich: Theatiner Verlag. 1922. 66 pp.

The first of these two works presents in a convenient form the answers of a sound Catholic theologian to various leading questions concerning the mystical life. Prepared for his task by a study of patristic and scholastic authorities, Dr. Krebs finds himself, as regards modern authorities, of one mind upon nearly all these questions with Dr. Joseph Zahn, to whose *Einführung in die christliche Mystik* he often refers. Like Zahn, he inclines towards moderate solutions of contested questions, and, like him again, deprecates the drawing of hard and fast boundary lines in the mapping out of the spiritual world. In this spirit he takes up an attitude of opposition to Father Poulain as regards the distinction between mystical and " ordinary " graces, his view being that no deep and definite dividing line is to be found, mystical experiences growing out of ordinary prayer and the ordinary

practice of virtue as fruits promised by Christ to those who co-operate faithfully with grace. Incidentally he rejects, for reasons which seem valid, the learned Jesuit's characterisation of the *Imitatio Christi* as a "non-mystical" book. On one or two other points his criticisms of Père Poulain's views seem not quite just or accurate.

The chapter of the book which presents most originality is that on the natural bases of the mystical life. Here are given from the lives of Jean Paul Richter, Goethe, Nietzsche and others, instances of natural conditions and experiences akin to the supernatural ones of Catholic mystics. On the possibility of true supernatural mystical experiences in the souls of heathens and other non-Catholics the author holds and defends a moderately affirmative position.

In his earlier chapters Dr. Krebs is concerned to show the genuine affiliation of Catholic mysticism to the central doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. With selected instances and proofs he brings us through the centuries of Church history in order to show how the mystical life, far from being *hospes et advena*, was accepted, taught and canonized by the Church's best representatives. He ignores rather curiously the great mystics from the sixteenth century onward: even St. Francis de Sales is never mentioned. He endeavours, with success which may be variously judged, to harmonize the mystical teachings of St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, St. Teresa and other authorities. It might have added not a little to the value of his work if, guided by this eirenic spirit, he had endeavoured to make clear the meanings of the principal terms employed by writers on the mystical life. The connotation of such terms is often embarassingly doubtful. To all who write or speak on mystical experiences may be recommended a study of the terminological discussions recently carried on by more than one writer in the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique* (Toulouse).

Worthy of mention with commendation is a recent German publication on Mysticism—*Wesen und Grundlagen der Katholische Mystik*, by Martin Grabmann, a short and eminently succinct account of the chief positions of the mystic theologians. One of his chapters may indeed be counted a digression, if an interesting one, that in which an account is given of a non-Christian mystic —the mediaeval Arab, Al-Ghazâlî. But the spirit of this book is eminently Catholic as well as scientific. It does not profess to decide questions disputed among Catholic authorities: rather is it an exposition and defence of Catholic mysticism in its broad aspects against the materialist and the sceptic. G. O'N.

THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT OF RELIGION AS STUDIED IN ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA AND HER FRIENDS. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. 2 vols. London: Dent. 1923. 35s. net.

This work, first published in 1908 and reprinted in 1909, reached its second edition last year, an edition that has already required a second impression. It has won for its author a great repute, not merely as a very industrious scholar, but as an outstanding authority on mysticism. This latter reputation has even spread to Catholic circles, and the notices of the work which have appeared in some Catholic periodicals have been favourable to an extent which has surprised the present reviewer. He has found the book painfully learned and obscure: the doctrines set forth, as far as he has been able to grasp them, seem to diverge very widely from normal teaching. There is more Kant than Aquinas in the author's mentality, and his general tone is far more modernist than scholastic. The literary style of the work is often very involved, and the author seems to be setting puzzles for his readers. For instance:—

> Thus here again we get an impressive instance of one profound sense in which the grain of wheat of any great and wholesome influence must die. For only if and when broken up, selected from, and assimilated to and within, another mind's and heart's life and system, can that older living organism, which yet was, in the first instance, so moving just because of its unique organization round a centre possible only to that one other soul, truly and permanently develop and enrich a living centre not its own (Vol. I. p. 315.).

We find at times some very emphatic judgments expressed in terms almost *piis auribus offensivis*:—

> Catherine's mind was without humour or wit: and this was, of course, a serious drawback. And her temperament was of so excessive a mentality as to amount to something more or less abnormal. For not only is there no trace about her, at any time, of moral vulgarity of any kind, or of any tendency to it; and this is, of course, a grand strength; but she seems at all times to have been greatly lacking in that quite innocent and normal sensuousness which appears to form a necessary element of the complete human personality. (Vol. I. p. 223).

Here is another sample of the author's style:—

> Nor was it ultimately because, nervously high-pitched and strained as she was by nature, she even physically craved and required an immense expansion for this her excessive natural concentration. She thus evidently longed first to move through, and to bathe and rest and spread out her psychic self, in an ample region, in an enduring state of quasi-unconsciousness, in an (as it were) innocently animal or even simply vegetative objectivity, indeed in an apparent bare element and mere Thing, before, thus rested, braced, and as it were now healthily reconcentrated, she more directly met the Infinite Concentration and Determination, the Personal Spirit, God. (Vol. I. p. 245).

These three quotations will give some idea of the literary style and philosophic tone of this work. Baron von Hügel uses the historic figure of St. Catherine of Genoa as a peg on which to hang his vast speculations on the nature of religion in general and mysticism in particular. Before doing so he reconstructs that historic figure by applying a very ruthless criticism to all documentary evidence which concerns her. He first reduces the conventional figure of the Saint to a mere skeleton and then reconstructs in the light of the very latest psycho-pathology. The result is very learned and a caricature. The book is splendidly printed and indexed, a mine of information for those who can apply the necessary correctives. JOHN HOWLEY.

INSTITUTIONES DOGMATICAE IN USUM SCHOLARUM. Auctore Bernardo J. Otten, S.J. Tomus V. De Sacramentis. Chicago: Loyola University Press. 1923. $3·50 net.

THE THREE SACRAMENTS OF INITIATION. By Rev. L. Labauche, S.S. Authorized Translation. New York: Benzinger. 1922. 10s. 6d.

IT is interesting to compare these two new text-books of sacramental theology. Father Otten's volume, a sequel to his volume on the Incarnation in the Loyola Press series, is strictly conservative in both form and doctrine. Covering the treatises on the Sacraments in general, Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist, it re-states the old theses in excellent order with clear proofs, good bibliographies for each thesis, and a fair exposition of the chief difficulties: all in strict scholastic form, and admirably printed. As a text-book, it is in many ways superior to Father Pesch's volume on the same matter; for Father Otten, though he is content with less positive erudition, gives none the less abundant material for the student, and knows how to present his wares in orderly and attractive form. Unfortunately the price of the volume, as of the companion volumes in the same series, is very high.

Father Labauche is evidently a believer in new educational methods. Instead of leading off with the traditional theses *De Sacramentis in genere*, he has reserved what he calls his "Sacramental synthesis" for a later volume: in this first volume he deals only with the three initiatory sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. Scholastic theology forms the basis of his teaching, but his presentation of each thesis takes the form of scriptural and historical inquiries. The Scripture texts are quoted in full and carefully analysed; documents from

tradition follow in due order ; and theological speculation is kept very much in the background. Moreover, each section ends with a brief description of the liturgy. All this is very readable and interesting, and we commend Father Labauche's volume to students who have already done their course of sacramental theology, or to the general reader who is interested in questions of dogmatic history. But, as a text-book, Father Labauche's volume is not very satisfying. It is disconcerting to find the scholastic doctrine of transubstantiation stated in a few short sentences ; to be put off with vague phraseology as to the causality of the sacraments ; and to find statements of Catholic doctrine set side by side with theological opinions of varying probability, without any clear distinction of the "note" of each proposition. This last defect is indeed a serious blemish, being liable to cause grave misunderstandings as to what is or is not defined Catholic faith. Father Labauche would do well in later volumes to distinguish more carefully between the different elements of his teaching. A. G.

Scripture

EGYPT AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By T. Eric Peet, M.A. Liverpool : University Press ; London : Hodder and Stoughton. 1922. 5s. net.

THE EXODUS IN THE LIGHT OF ARCHAEOLOGY. By J. S. Griffiths. London : Scott. 1923. 2s. 6*d*. net.

LES HEBREUX EN EGYPTE. By Alexis Mallon, S.J., Professor of Egyptology at the Biblical Institute. Roma : Pontificio Istituto Biblico. 1921. 28 lire.

THESE three books are alike in this that they treat of the relations between the Israelites and the Egyptians as known to us from the narrative of the Bible and the discoveries made in Egypt. They differ, however, in the extent of ground they cover, and still more in the subjective standpoint and critical method of their respective authors.

Professor Peet alone deals with the whole Old Testament period, of which he seeks to give us a brief but critical account, summing up the results of recent investigations on the subject. In his preface and opening chapter on the value of Biblical tradition he frankly manifests his conviction that the Pentateuch has little or no historic value, and that the popular belief that its testimony has been remarkably confirmed by Egyptian explorations in particular needs to be corrected. According to him the knowledge of Egypt displayed by the author of *Exodus* is just such as a tourist would

acquire from his guide in a flying visit to the country. While he is able to make a number of points against indiscreet and uncritical apologists, his attacks on the authority of the Biblical narrative are by no means successful. It is to be regretted in particular that he bases his arguments and conclusions on assumptions that are sometimes either doubtful or erroneous, like the mythical character of the Pentateuch, the supposed date of Hammurapi and the Arabian origin of the Semites.

Rev. J. S. Griffiths is diametrically opposed to Professor Peet. He is a firm believer in the accuracy of the historical information contained in *Exodus* and holds that Egyptian explorations have so far confirmed and explained the Biblical text as to enable us to determine the exact year in which the Exodus took place. Unfortunately, while his little book contains much that is excellent and exact, he makes the mistake of trying to prove too much, going beyond the evidence of the Egyptian documents and following ancient theories that have been since discredited. Naville and Wiener have their good points, but are by no means safe guides. The former's identification of the land of Goshen and the latter's explanation of the Merenptah stele can give no solid support to any scientific theory of the Exodus.

Père Mallon is equally opposed to Professor Peet on the question of the historical value of the Pentateuch, and quite particularly where it treats of Egyptian manners and customs. On the other hand he is a much more judicious apologist than Rev. J. S. Griffiths. He has a more extensive knowledge of ancient and recent Egyptian literature, is better able to distinguish what is sound from what is unsound, and above all never forces his texts, and when the materials are insufficient for a definite conclusion carefully reserves his judgment. What is particularly satisfactory in his more bulky volume is the abundance of citations from the original documents, which enable the reader to form his own conclusions and control those of the author. Moreover the author's long sojourn in Egypt has made him thoroughly acquainted with modern Egyptian customs and the geography of the regions of the Exodus. I choose the following instance to show the results, for writers on these subjects, of an acquaintance with or ignorance of the land of Egypt itself.

Just before the Exodus the Egyptian Pharaoh treated with excessive severity the Israelites who were employed in making bricks for building purposes. He refused to provide them with the necessary straw, and yet exacted the same number of bricks notwithstanding the time lost by the workmen in searching everywhere for straw or some equivalent material. The Scripture narrative

shows clearly that this severity was exercised just before the Exodus, that the bricks were being made in or near the royal city where the Pharaoh resided, and that the bricks in question could not be made without straw.

Naville discovered in excavating Tell-el-Maskhuta that storehouses had been built there in which the lower bricks were mixed with straw while the upper ones had no straw. He identified this city on insufficient evidence with Pithom, the store city built by the Israelites, and the difference between the two sets of bricks was supposed to be a proof of the extraordinary veracity of the Biblical narrative. Kyle subsequently visited the place, and made the very strange additional discovery that the upper bricks without straw were of Nile clay. Mr. Griffiths uses all this for his purpose, notwithstanding the evident disagreement with the Biblical narrative, which excludes the possibility of bricks without straw, and the subsequent discovery of Gardiner that, while Tell-el-Maskhuta most probably was not Pithom, the city of Rameses also built by the Israelites was at Pelusium, fifty miles away, where the Pharaoh resided and where this particular event took place.

Professor Peet, anxious to correct "the error which is still perpetuated in popular books" on this matter, tells us that the use of straw in brick-making "is somewhat rare, more particularly in ancient times," that "its purpose is to bind the mud more tightly together, though as a matter of fact the Nile mud coheres so well of itself that no binding material is really necessary. Consequently the refusal of the task-masters to provide the Israelites with straw would not in the slightest degree increase the difficulty of their labours. As a piece of local colour the whole incident is unsatisfactory and goes to prove the writer's ignorance of Egyptian customs."

Père Mallon's acquaintance with Egypt and personal inspection of the sites enables him to clear up satisfactorily this Biblical allusion to brick-making. Ancient and modern bricks in Egypt are made of two different materials, Nile clay and red desert soil. The Nile clay is useless without straw or some similar substance, which acts like cement in binding together what would otherwise split asunder when dried in the sun. The sand intermingled with the red desert soil discharges the function of the straw, which is never found in the second class of bricks. The sacred writer supposes therefore that the material used by the Hebrews on the occasion in question was Nile clay, and this supposition is admirably confirmed by the recent discovery that the royal city of Rameses was Pelusium on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, now a desert owing to the shutting

out of the Nile by the Suez canal, but then regularly inundated and consequently a rich cultivated district. Père Mallon found no trace at all of bricks at the utterly ruined Pelusium, but by a personal examination of the sites was able to establish the fact that practically all the bricks at Tell-el-Maskhuta and Tell-el-Artabi, formerly equated with Pithom and Rameses respectively by Naville, were made of red sandy soil as one might expect from the situation of these ancient cities, not on the Nile, but on the verge of the desert.

The frequent rectification of erroneous and obsolete views thus exemplified makes Père Mallon's book indispensable to Scripture students. E. P.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. Edited by Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D., Provost of Eton. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1924. 10*s.* net.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK. With Introduction and Annotations. By Madame Cecilia. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Second ed. 1924. 5*s.* net.

TRACTATUS DE INSPIRATIONE SACRAE SCRIPTURAE ET COMPENDIUM HERMENEUTICAE BIBLICAE CATHOLICAE. By Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B. Rome: Typographia Pontificia in Instituto Pii IX. 1923.

THERE are probably few libraries of biblical literature that do not possess a copy of a work bearing the same title as the first of those under review, *The Apocryphal New Testament.* Dr. James is well aware of the fact and in the Preface to his own work is at pains to clear his predecessor off the ground, hoping himself to occupy it for some time to come. And indeed it was high time that that old work was superseded. Not that our author claims perfection and completeness for his new book. Far from pretenting to include the entire range of works fairly describable as Apocrypha of the New Testament, he mentions five entire groups of such works which he has seen fit, and we think rightly, to exclude. Nevertheless Dr. James is not excessive in his claim that his book gives, and for the first time in English, a comprehensive view of this curious department of literature. The whole, in fact, is a scholarly piece of work, equipped with an excellent general introduction, fresh versions of most of the texts, pithy introductions to each, and a series of useful indexes. These merits are enhanced by the beautiful Oxford typography. There is a brief bibliography, and we think it a pity that neither there nor elsewhere in the book is there mention of an important and valuable work—Dr. Stefan Szekely's *Bibliotheca Aprocrypha*, Herder, 1913.

A word as to the interest of the book. The very word Apocryphal—almost synonymous, as it now is, with spurious—turns us from any work bearing that title. Yet there are several excellent reasons why the study of the Apocryphal New Testament writings is profitable. Firstly, as Dr. James says, there is scarcely any better way of convincing ourselves of the Church's wisdom in the selection she has made for her Canon. Secondly, these writings throw much light on the mind of early Christianity, but only when read with knowledge and discrimination. Lastly, they are indispensable for an adequate and accurate grasp of mediaeval art, poetry, and romance. On these and other grounds we think Dr. James has rendered a distinct service to the student.

We welcome this new edition in one volume and, considering its 494 pages, at a reasonable price, of St. Mark's Gospel in Madame Cecilia's excellent series of Scripture Manuals for schools. That the volume contains a great store of information about the Gospels in general and about St. Mark in particular will be evident from a simple enumeration of the contents. The Introduction deals with the origin of the Gospels, their transmission and authenticity, the life of St. Mark, the relation of his Gospel to St. Peter, its date, purpose, aim and scope, style and character, characteristics, analysis, the miracles, parables, and discourses it contains, its principal contents alphabetically arranged, biographies of its chief personages, etc. Then the text in Latin and English is given, with brief and pithy notes on the same page. The text is followed by 120 pages of additional notes. Then come some excellent "Side-Lights on the Gospel" giving us the main features of the Jewish life of the time. Finally, there is a useful index. A most helpful work and a credit in every way both to the editor and to the publishers.

Dom Höpfl's book on Biblical Inspiration and Hermeneutics follows the customary lines. It is clearly and conveniently arranged, and written in Latin that is quite easy to follow. It is thoroughly conversant with recent discussions, and is cautious and well-balanced in dealing with debatable questions such as certain recent theories of Catholic exegetes on inspiration (Pp. 52 sqq.). Bibliography is the author's strong point; throughout the book the reader is referred to the latest literature of the subject in Latin, French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish. But there is one defect which we find it hard to forgive, the lack of an alphabetical index.

S. J. B.

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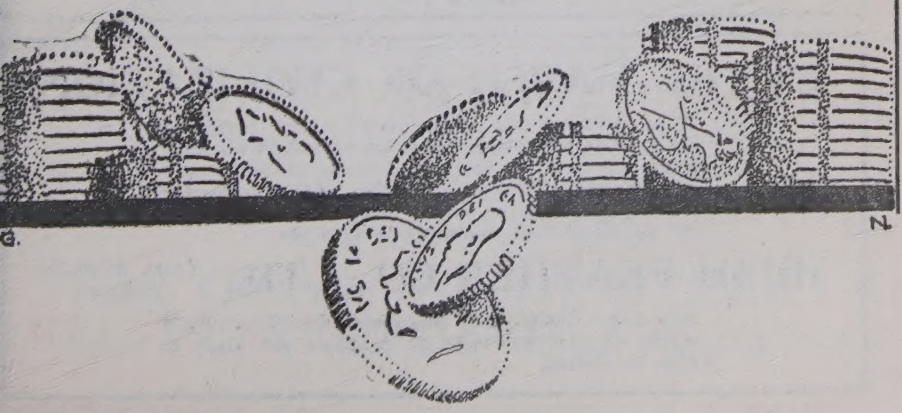

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